

MAXIM

'STRIP ME NAKED'

**MORE
SEXED-UP
GIRLS THAN
EVER
BEFORE!**

PUBLISHED BY PAUL RAYMOND
VOLUME 27 NUMBER 3 £1.95

**SIMPLY THE BREAST!
BOUNCING
BOOB SPECIAL
WITH
TINA TURNER
DANNII
MINOGUE
LISA
WALKER
NAOMI
CAMPBELL
& MANY
MORE**

**DIRTY
GIRLS
COME
CLEAN
'HE TOOK
ME FROM
BEHIND!'**

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TINA



GAYLE



MARILYN

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Cover model: Melanie Bolton | [thread](#)

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Laura Anthony



PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PAUL SHELLEY

"I'm still working my way through the sackloads of mail I got last time I appeared in *Mayfair*," admits curvy blonde Laura. "Some of them have been so rude I get hot and flushed even thinking about them — which makes them very good bedtime reading!"

"I even read a couple at work once, but they had a disastrous effect on me. I felt so horny I'm sure everyone in my office must have realised I was getting aroused. In the end I had to make an excuse and go home early to work off my frustration — it was either that or seduce one of my co-workers in the post room!" **M**











DEBBIE

Debbie from Gloucester runs her own business so squeezing her naked debut into her tight schedule wasn't at all easy.

"Every time I was in the right mood to bare my body for *Mayfair* the phone would ring and I'd have to shoot off to a meeting," says our ambitious advertising entrepreneur with sexecutive appeal. "Eventually I got so excited about stripping off that I was going through two pairs of panties a day! My pussy was constantly sticky and I'd have to pop to the toilets all the time to relieve the tingling between my legs.

"Now that I've fulfilled my fantasy and bared my body for a million men I never want to put my knickers on again," reveals the outrageous

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
KAY FERRIS





22-year-old with a wicked grin. "I've got an exhibitionist streak in me a mile wide, so it's a big turn-on for me to flash fellas bits of my body just when they're not expecting it — like the time I pulled my skirt up at the back to show my bottom off at a boardroom meeting.

"You know, all this talk of flashing has got my pussy going so much I think I'll go into work tomorrow in a short skirt and leave my underwear at home. In fact, come to think of it, I think I'll make it a company rule: no knickers at all — and that applies to the boys too!" **M**











KEERA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

"I don't like serious people," giggles Keera, our naughty 19-year-old from Bradford. "Why would anyone want to be sensible all the time? Me, I'm always messing about and playing the fool, baring my boobs for the boys at work and having fun. I like to go out with fellas who have a good sense of humour — and if they've got a big cock too, then all the better! I went out with this bloke once who had the biggest willy I've ever seen, but boy, oh boy, was he boring! He preferred train spotting to











bonking, and spent every weekend up the local junction instead of up my box. I really think I'm worthy of more attention than a British Rail timetable! So I soon put him on the next train out of my life and went on the pussy-prowl for a bloke who likes to have a laugh and a shag... though not necessarily at the same time. I mean, I don't know what I'd do if I got my boobs out for a guy and he started laughing!" **M**











Sheena

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JEAN ROUGERON**

It would be difficult to convince anyone that 18-year-old Sheena is the shy type even if she wasn't baring her boobs before your very eyes. But the moment our sensual sexpot from Somerset opens her mouth, innocence is definitely out the window...

"Let me show you my favourite position for shagging," says Sheena eagerly, peeling off her panties, lying back on the sofa and throwing her lovely long legs in the air, presenting her tight, pink pussy. "This way I feel it deepest and I love that feeling of being totally full of cock. I'd love to sleep with two men at once so I could have one in my mouth as well. Mmmmm, yummy!" See what we mean? **M**











TINA

When 21-year-old Tina appeared on the cover of *Mayfair's* Vol 27 No 2 our mail bags were even heavier than her 38 inch funbags! So we invited her to get 'em out again on our centrespread. The hit Middlesbrough Miss celebrated in style by teasing her nipples until she was on the verge of coming—just before she appeared on camera. "I wasn't sure I'd make it through the session," she said. "My pussy felt so hot everyone could tell how horny I was! Every time the camera clicked my clitty tingled. I felt like jumping on the first guy I saw on the train home!" But instead, shortly after pulling out of Doncaster, she pulled down the blinds and started to relieve her mounting frustration with a vibrator. "I checked that the guy opposite me was fast asleep, parted my legs under the table and then pressed my buzzing buddy against my pussy."

"I began quietly but the more excited I got, the louder my moans became. I pumped the vibrator in and out of my love hole in rhythm with the train, until I came all over my hand." But Tina, what if you'd been caught? "I was half hoping I would!" she said with a wicked grin. **M**

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
TERRY MUNNS**













"You can probably tell my favourite part of bathtime is stripping — especially if someone's watching me!" giggles 19-year-old Mirrel, peeling off her dress so she can give those munchy nipples another twiddle. "I'm such an exhibitionist I really ought to be a stripper — although as I'm a legal secretary I get plenty of opportunities to show people my briefs!"

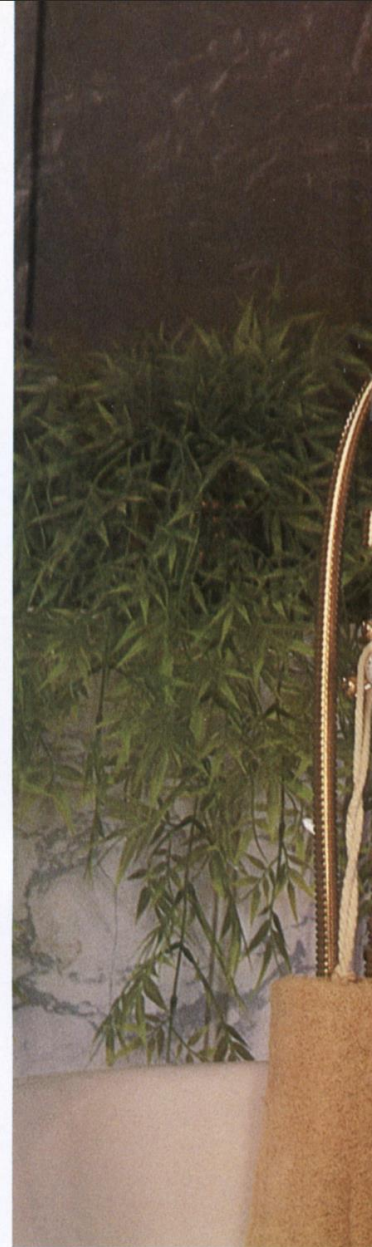
"I suppose it's a bit kinky, getting in the tub with my knickers on, but the way the soaking fabric clings between my legs is such a thrill I can't resist. It's like having ten guys stroking my pussy at once! That's something I wouldn't mind trying, actually —



m i r r o r

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH MEDLAND





I don't suppose anyone out there's got a bath big enough for eleven? And if you have I promise you can join in too!"

Won't a swimming pool do the job then, Mirrel?

"Oh no," she giggles. "I'm so scared of drowning, though I guess it wouldn't be too bad if one of my hunky swimming partners was a life-guard. Then he could give me some serious mouth-to-mouth. I'd be so grateful that I'd probably have to drag him off to the nearest bed and give him something he'll never forget — a taste of Mirrel magic!"

Mirrel magic indeed! So guys, now you know where to take Mirrel on your first date — the local pool! **M**

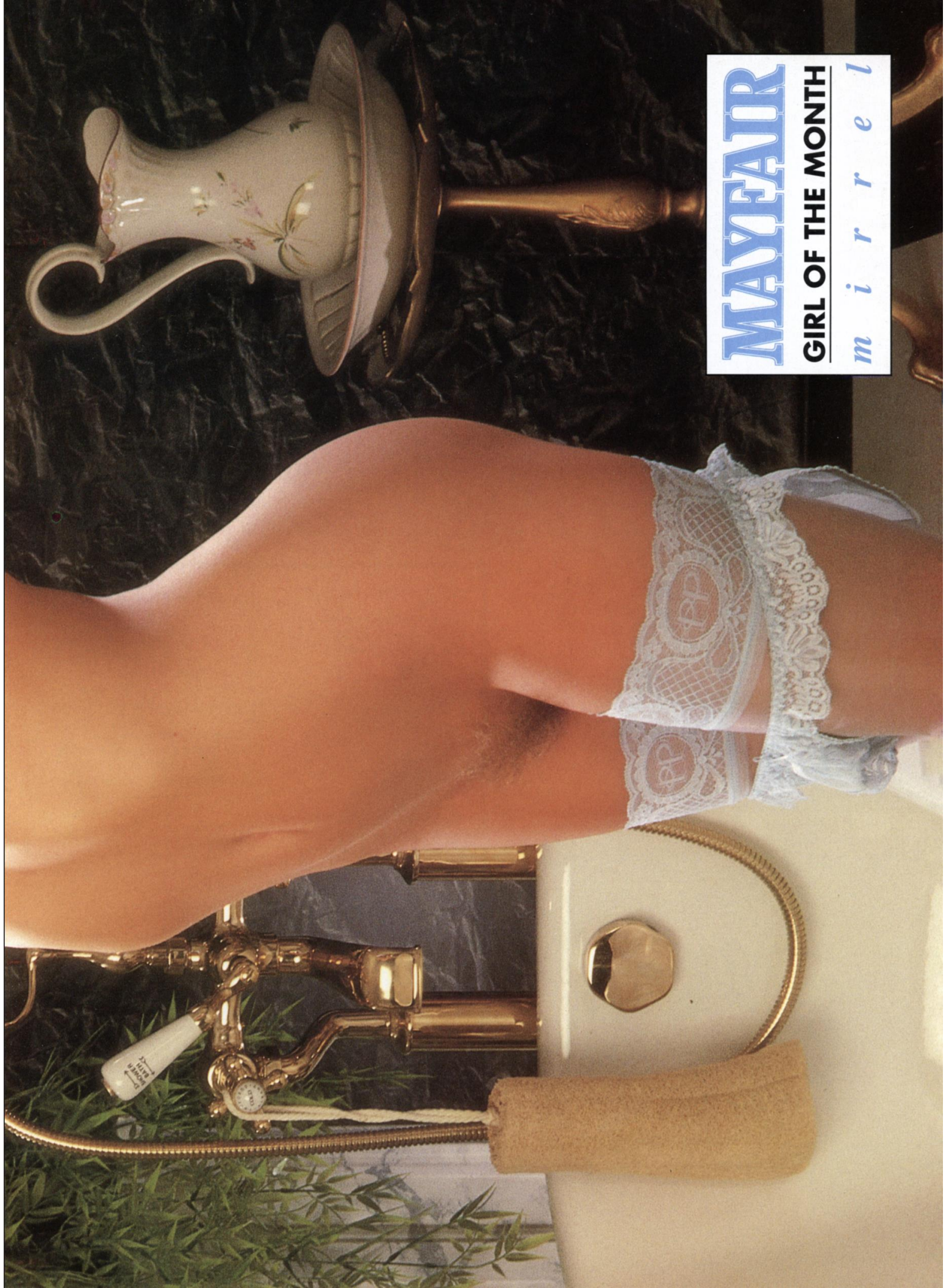








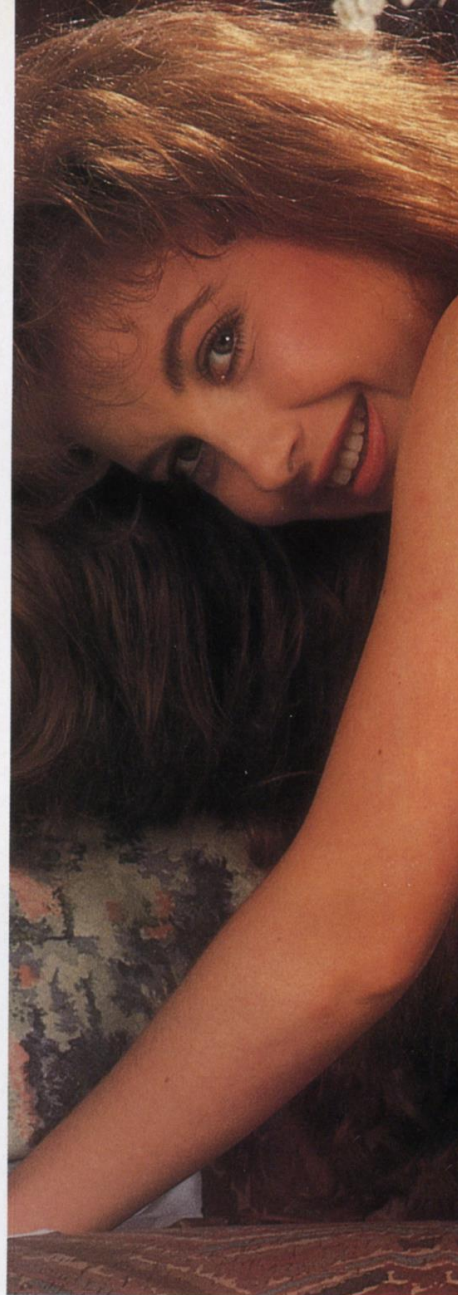




MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
m i r r e l



MAYFAIR
GIRL OF THE MONTH
m i r r e l



kim

"I'm glad I've made such a big impression on you guys that you've asked me back," smiles curvy Kim Reynolds, the dirty dancer from Los Angeles who raised temperatures in our Christmas issue, "because you sure made an impression on me!"

"You Brits really know how to make a girl feel special—you're gentlemen in public, and animals in bed! That suits me fine, 'cos I like to be treated like a lady... but when we're alone I'm the wicked girl of your dreams!" **M**

**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
JACK HARRISON**











Katrina



PHOTOGRAPHS BY SARAH COURTNEY

Eighteen-year-old Katrina was a little shy about her body, and took some convincing that her boobs weren't too big. But now she's come round to our way of thinking there's no stopping her. "It's a shock for a girl when she's growing up to suddenly develop boobs like mine! But now that I've seen my pictures I realise how sexy they are," she enthuses. "Now I can't wait to meet a man and wrap my boobs round his cock. Do you know anyone who would like to try?" One or two, Katrina. One or two... **M**

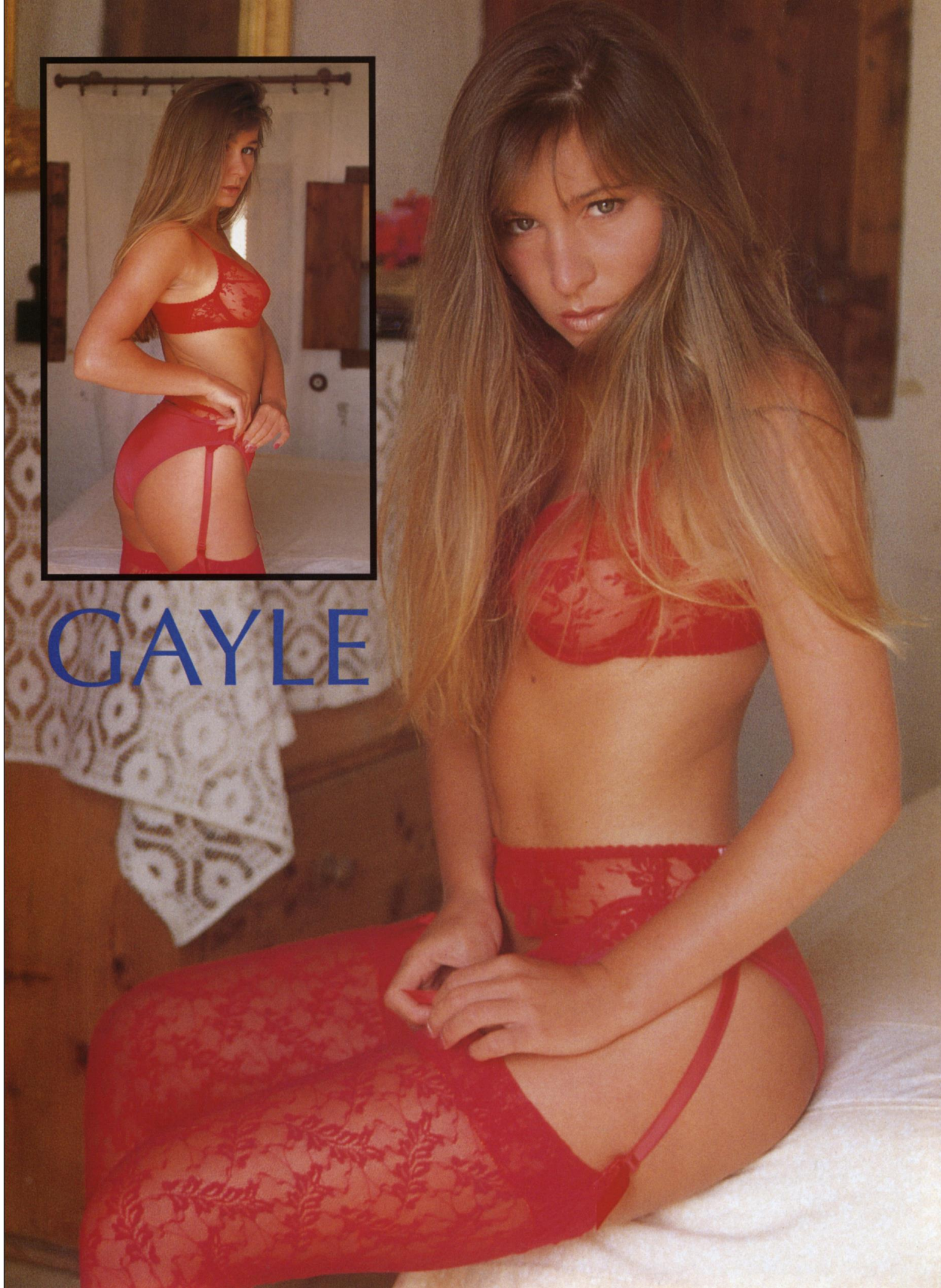








GAYLE





**PHOTOGRAPHS BY
BILL TREEN**

It's a good thing we're broad minded here at *Mayfair* because 19-year-old Gayle from Lancashire would shock the pants off a prude. "So what if I'm the sort of girl who likes to sleep with horny girls as well as hunky men? I like leading an interesting sex-life," giggles our nude nurse, sliding sensuously across the sheets. "I don't believe in closing my mind to any sexual experience so how could I turn down a sexy woman if she comes on to me?"

"It's easy to lose sight of what sex is all about. In my mind it's all about having pleasure, and pleasure comes in many forms, male and female. I love the feeling of a nice thick dick satisfying me, but there are certain things you can only do with another girl." Such as? "Licking love-cream from her pussy, while she licks yours, for one!" Point taken.

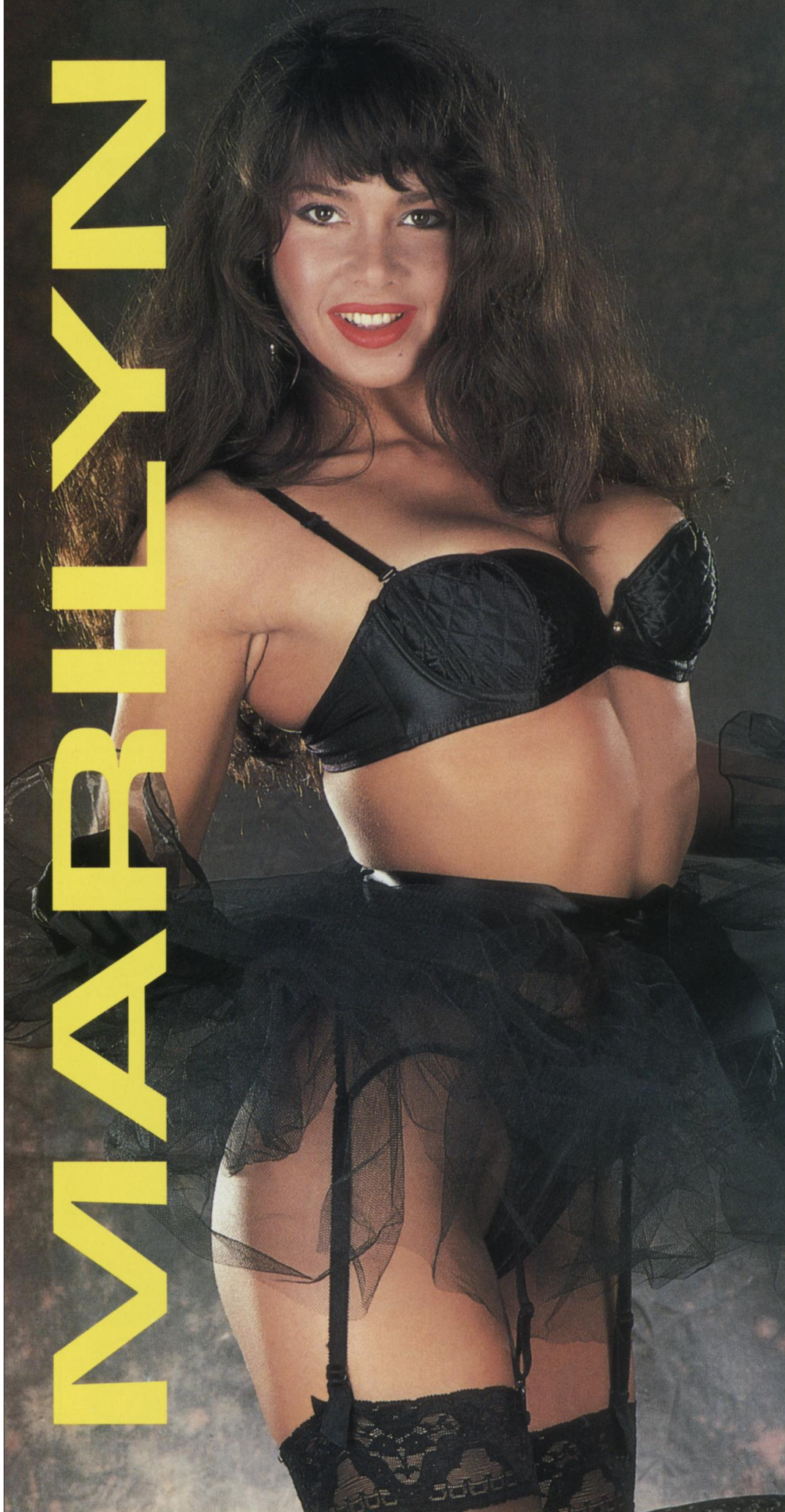
M







MAIRILYN



PHOTOGRAPHS BY BASIL CRAWFORD-SMITH

Are you sitting comfortably? Well, Marilyn Peters, our flirty 20-year-old, wants to tell you a dirty story... "I was in bed the other night, dozing off and thinking naughty thoughts about nipples, knobs and snatches, and pressing my little love-button, when the bedroom door opened and in walked my flat-mate, Laura.

"I peeped out from behind the pillow and saw that she was naked, her lovely boobs bobbing slightly as she moved. I'd only ever seen Laura naked in the bath and the sight of her firm, pale flesh made my crotch ache to be played with. Laura obviously thought I was asleep as I watched her sit on the end of the bed and fondle herself. She started with her nipples, rolling them between her fingers till I could see they were rock-hard; then stroking down her flat tummy to her sparse, downey pubes between her legs.

"I could hardly believe my eyes as Laura spread her thighs, popped first one, then two fingers









into her soft pussy, and came all over her hand! Then, without a word, Laura got up and tip-toed out of the room, leaving the smell of sex hanging thickly in the air. I was in a state of sexy shock and more turned-on than I had been for ages.

"I lay there for a while frigging myself off as I went over this strange event in my mind and eventually I came to the conclusion that Laura fancied me and really wanted to fuck me, but didn't have the nerve to say so to my face.

"Now I'm taking this opportunity to say to my lovely Laura, through *Mayfair*, that I'd love you to have me. So the next time you sneak into my bedroom to masturbate in front of me, wake me up and I'll do it for you. Believe me, sex is much more fun with two!" Here's to a happy ending, Marilyn! **M**













in my case, a new lover. I'd been married to Jeff for three years and to be perfectly blunt about it, the naughtiest thing he ever did in bed was spill his tea. Don't get me wrong, we got on alright, but we never got it on, if you know what I mean!

Jeff always seemed too tired to be interested in

screwing and our sex life gradually became a quick one on a Saturday night if he wasn't too drunk. I tried everything to get him going again: naughty undies, talking dirty and sucking him off at every opportunity, but Jeff was more interested in his newspaper than my pussy. I'd spend hours during the day fantasising about all the filthy things we could do together if Jeff could only be bothered. So one Friday, about two months ago I put it to Jeff that if he didn't give my body some attention soon I'd go and find someone who would. But Jeff couldn't even get up the energy to argue and as I recall, hardly glanced up from his paper as I stormed out of the house and headed for my best friend Sue's house down the road. Perhaps if I'd planned my ultimatum a little better I'd have done it on a warm summer evening when it wasn't bucketing it down with rain outside!

I was very upset and, thinking back on it, I must have looked rather strange to Sue's husband, Mike, when he opened the door to find me standing there on the doorstep. I was drenched from head to foot, my tears mixing with the cold rain to make my mascara run

A Word of Advice from Mayfair

When in Greece, never try to hurry a Greek — it is very bad manners. Never appear even to be in a hurry.



in spidery black rivers down my face. "Oh, Mike," I sobbed, throwing myself into his arms, "I've just left Jeff and I don't know what to do!"

Mike managed to calm me down and led me through to the lounge where Sue made room for me on the sofa and asked what was wrong. Sue had known that all was not great between me and Jeff, but I think she was genuinely surprised that the reason for my unhappiness was lack of sex.

"It's just that I'd always thought you were a bit of a devil between the sheets," said Sue, trying to cheer me up. "I mean, I've seen those naughty magazines around your house so I just assumed that you and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



No no, you must have mis-heard me... I never said anything about showing you my collection of horse-brasses...

MONEY

City Editor Alexander More sorts out the men who pull the purse strings...

BUDGET CHEERS

With the end of the recession still around several corners, an Election looming, and the Tory Party standing about as much chance as getting in as Bella Emberg does in *Mayfair*, just about every newspaper is telling the Chancellor what he should do to increase spending. Some say cut tax, others say slash VAT or increase personal allowances. But are these sufficiently high incentives to increase the morale of the public?

Frankly no. The Chancellor needs to do only one thing to win all our hearts and stimulate the economy, and that is to get rid of the ludicrously high levy on beer, wine and spirits. As well as massively improving the country's morale this will also get the country back on its feet (albeit wobbling slightly) by:

- 1) Increasing spending on beer, wine and spirits
 - 2) Increasing spending on chips, curry, dodgy kebabs and the Warcry
 - 3) Helping small businesses like mini-cab firms and seafood stallholders
 - 4) Helping the NHS. Drunks are notoriously generous to can-rattlers wanting money for a new dialysis machine at the Children's Hospital
 - 5) Improving the environment. Well, after a few pints it'll seem better
 - 6) Getting people so pissed they might inadvertently vote Conservative again
- There is no charge for this advice, Chancellor. Just buy a drink some time.

Those caring folk in the building societies (remember how Crabby National etc. were doing so much a few months ago to help prevent repossessions?) have now decided to increase the already astronomical mortgage rates by 1 per cent to people renting out their property. What reason can there possibly be except pure profit? Nationwide Wanklia claimed that it was because loans were intended to cover the property lived in, not any others. Our advice is simple. Don't tell them what you're doing.

JAPANESE BOYO

There's a nip in the air around the valleys of South Wales. The one-time home of male voice choirs is now dancing to a different tune, probably from a karaoke machine. There are now so many Japanese companies in there that the children there are being taught the language at school so they stand a chance of getting a job when they leave! I suppose it has to be easier to understand than Welsh!

BUM DEAL

Last month we brought you the billion dollar bra, and now it's the half million pound arse! Last week, model Louise Hodges who is said by photographer

LIVE AND LET LET?

As anyone in the South East will tell you, the housing market is deadlier than a dodo's donger at the moment with some houses on the market longer than Pete Beale. First time buying is easy, but selling is absolutely impossible, so the obvious solution seems to be to buy your dreamhouse without selling your nightmare one, thus taking advantage of cheap prices and not being in a chain.

Impossible? Not entirely. All you have to do is rent out your old house to pay the mortgage whilst you buy the second, then sell the first later when things get a bit better. Unfortunately, you must sell one of your properties within 12 months to escape capital gains tax, but apart from that there is no snag, or rather there wasn't.



Jeff were the adventurous sort." Adventurous! I was so stunned I began to giggle. The tears were still streaming down my face but I was no longer upset. "Hardly," I gasped as Sue put her arm round me comfortingly. "Those magazines are for me. I've got to have some satisfaction and at the moment it's

only my fingers that are giving it to me. I mean, the last time Jeff looked between my legs my pussy was covered in thick brown hair but three weeks ago I shaved it smooth to try and get him going!"

The moment I mentioned my shaven state I sensed a change in the atmosphere; a sexual tension that made Sue pause for a moment before saying: "Well, Mike loves a smooth pussy." Another pause. "And I think I would too."

For a moment I wasn't sure what to do, then I turned my face to Sue and smiled. "I do believe you're making a pass at me, Sue," I said softly. "I had no idea you fancied me..."

My words died away as Sue moved closer to me and our lips met in my first ever lesbian kiss. Our tongues touched tenderly as we made love to each other's mouths. A shiver ran up my spine as the full weight of the situation hit me.

As Sue and I continued to hug and kiss I could feel Mike move behind me and begin to caress my shoulders, his skilful hands moving down my back until they reached the bottom of my wet blouse. "Let's get you out of these damp clothes,"



he whispered as I abandoned myself into Mike and Sue's gentle seduction.

Sue undid my buttons, the soaking material sticking to my hardening nipples. She peeled the cotton off my breasts and Mike pulled the garment down my arms. "Now for your bra," said Mike unclipping it at the back and allowing my swollen breasts to fall freely into Sue's warm hands. No woman had ever touched me like this before but the naughtiness and newness of every sensation was beginning to have its effect between my legs. "Strip me naked," I begged as Sue fondled my boobs

and Mike pulled me slowly to the floor to slip off my skirt and shoes. My panties were last to come off and Sue's eyes devoured every inch of my body greedily. If Jeff could only see me now, I thought, as Mike left the room for a moment



and Sue stripped bare before me.

By the time Mike returned, completely naked, Sue had descended on top of me, our hot bodies pressing firmly together in a passionate embrace. Then Sue began to wriggle down my tummy, sucking my boobs on the way, until her tongue was circling my navel.

A Word of Advice from Mayfair

Always carry a pump when riding your bicycle in case of a slow puncture.



She moaned softly as Mike appeared behind her, rubbing his hard tool up and down Sue's bare bottom. Then, as Sue finally brought her mouth to rest on my smooth shaven pussy lips, Mike entered her doggy fashion. My hairless fanny, freshly shaved that morning, felt every twist of Sue's tongue, every kiss, every lusty lesbian lick, and my juices began to flow from my hole.

Mike's fucking motion pressed Sue's nose and mouth hard into my pussy, rubbing on my clit until a beautiful climax grew inside me. I caressed my breasts while Sue licked harder and Mike screwed

TEN WAYS TO MAKE HER GO OOOOHH!

*We all want to hear girls go "Ooooh!" — but how to make them gasp without going to the bother of turning them on? Our "Ooooh!" expert, **Oliver Rock**, helps you out...*

1. Slip an ice cube in her ear when she's not expecting it.
2. Tie a 16lb lead weight to her pony tail while she's asleep. Then bash two dustbin lids together and shout "Fire!" at the top of your voice.
3. Slip one speaker from your Walkman into the crotch of her knickers before she puts them on. Then when they're nice and tight, play a Guns n' Roses tape at maximum volume.
4. While she's half asleep, flutter your fingernails gently over her breasts. Then, just as she's waking up, replace your fingers with your pet hamster. Now wait for her to open her eyes...
5. Pop her multi-speed, variable-head vibrator in the freezer before use.
6. Stick some double-sided tape on the loo seat, then burst in while she's taking a pee so she has to jump up quickly. You might want to have a towel on hand too.
7. Offer her a cup of Typhoo tea.
8. Ask your girlfriend to do half an impression of Frank Spencer.
9. Put your hand up her blouse and twang her bra strap.
10. Pretend to go out for the day then return ten minutes later to catch her hot-handed over your latest copy of *Mayfair*.



I tell you, if he gets away with it... it opens up all sorts of new avenues for ventriloquism...

LETTERS

WE WELCOME ALL YOUR VIEWS, COMMENTS AND ANECDOTES. PLEASE WRITE TO 'LETTERS', MAYFAIR MAGAZINE, 2 ARCHER STREET, LONDON W1V 7HE

KNICKERLESS

As an underwear fanatic I had to write to say that Tricia (Vol 27 No 1) was wearing the sexiest knickers I've ever had the pleasure of seeing. Just the fact that they were see-through got me rubbing my pussy in delight. Then when I noticed they were also wet and sliding up the crack of her bottom it had my juices practically pouring out of me!

I've visited every lingerie shop in town in an attempt to find a similarly skimpy pair but so far I've had no luck. So I guess for the

moment I'll just have to make do with drooling at the sexy pictures. That is unless Tricia would be kind enough to send me her pair — preferably with her lovely body still in them! L C, Northampton

PERFECT PRESENT

My husband Pete's job means he often has to work out of town and even though I love him I actually look forward to these trips. When he leaves he always hands me a special present which I'm not allowed to open until that night. It's always something really horny to stop me straying while he's away, like a naughty video or sexy underwear — and last time it was a multi-speed vibrator!

I had always wanted one of these, but as I'm a little shy I'd never had the courage to buy one myself, so when I opened the package I could feel my juices begin to flow just looking at it. Pete had remembered to buy me some batteries to go with it and when I placed them in the vibrator and switched it on, a quiet hum filled my ears and I knew that I couldn't wait another second before slipping it into my pussy.

I quickly pulled my skirt up and yanked my panties to one side, then poked the plastic pleaser inside my hole. It slid in easily and as soon as I felt the tingle

against my inside walls I started to tremble. I couldn't believe I was going to orgasm this quickly! Usually Pete has to spend a long time licking my cunt or fingering my hole before I'm ready for sex, but this pretend cock was turning me on instantly. My orgasm began as I felt an explosion erupt through my pussy and take over my whole body. I was stunned and amazed, but my soaking pussy was evidence that this was all for real.

The next night Pete phoned me up to see how much I was missing him and how I was enjoying my new toy. I promised him that when he came home I'd show him exactly how much I enjoyed it, but for the moment he'd just have to listen over the phone.

As Pete started talking dirty to me I reached for the vibrator which was still covered with my juices, and holding the phone to my ear I teased around my pussy lips as I heard Pete explain how he was wanking himself. When Pete's breathing quickened I began plunging the vibrator in and out of myself. Pete's groans were in rhythm with mine at first, but I soon began panting far too quickly for him and while he continued to pump himself my cream dribbled out of my hole, down the side of the flesh coloured device and onto my fingers.

"I'm licking up my pussy juice now, Pete," I teased him as my tongue lapped up the sticky cream on my fingers. "It smells wonderful and tastes so sweet, but not as good as your spunk. Give me your spunk now, Pete." This was too much for him and when he groaned loudly I pictured his thick come shooting out of his throbbing cock and all over his hand.

I don't know what Pete is going to give me next time he goes away, but it will have to be good to beat my vibro; maybe it'll be two vibrators! J D, Herts



WHAT A BOOB!

I've never bought *Mayfair* before, but as I stood in my local newsagents scanning the shelves for a magazine that would keep me busy for an hour or two I noticed a pair of 52 inch boobs that almost hit me in the face. Of course I'm talking about Jo who appeared on the cover of Vol 27 No 9. Are they for real? And even if they aren't, can I have them to hold, suck, squeeze and tease — please?!

I would give almost anything to be able to slip my cock in between those mountainous breasts while she squeezed them together, sliding in and out as they wobbled and cuddled my prick. If Jo let me do that then I promise I'd spend hours making her pussy purr like it's never done before. P K, Chester

LOOSE CHANGE

There comes a time in every girl's life when she needs a change. This can be a new job, a new flat... or, as

CONTINUED ON PAGE 10



He's started to talk, guv!

us lay on the floor laughing about our dirty deeds. Sue told me she had never fucked another woman before me but had always wanted to, and Mike said it was unbelievable screwing my shaven cunt. Jeff was keen to thank Mike for opening his eyes to the sexiness of his wife and I grinned, looking forward to

many more naughty nights at the hands of my new lover — Jeff! L P, Cheshire

TATTOO YOU

I've noticed that some of your models have discreet little tattoos, usually on their shoulders or bottoms, but many times the photographer tries to hide them.



Being a tattooist myself, I love to see pretty young girls showing them off and I think you should make more of a feature of them or put some good quality fake ones on some of the girls. There's nothing like a naughty little tattoo in a sexy place to get my todger going! D B, Edinburgh

SEX SERVICE

It had often crossed my mind that being a tarty, dominant kind of woman would be a big turn on, but my prominent position in the local community (I'm Deputy Headmistress of a girls' highschool) had always prevented me from bringing my fantasy to life.

I am a very athletic 32-year-old and live alone, having never married. When I masturbate I dress up in stockings and suspenders and red high heels and parade around my house smoking, pretending to be a hooker on the prowl. Then recently I was able to live out my dreams when called upon to visit a schools' conference in London.

I travelled alone and booked into a single room in a hotel near the West End. At that stage the last thing on my mind was sex as I had to give a speech at the opening meeting the next day.

Once in my room I took off my jacket and sat down at a table to add the finishing touches to my speech.

Soon my mind began to wander and I found it hard to look at the words in front of me, so I picked up the phone and asked roomservice to bring me up a coffee.

Minutes later there was a knock on the door and, without looking up from my work, I said "Come in".

The door opened and I heard footsteps behind me, then a deep, chocolatey voice. "Where would you like me to put it, madam?"

For a fleeting second my tarty persona hijacked my mind and I felt the urge to answer: "Up my cunt, from behind... Now!"

Fortunately my good sense told me this was not a wise thing to say and I told the waiter to leave his tray on the bedside table. When I turned around I couldn't believe my eyes: the waiter was about 25 years old, six feet tall with black hair and a very interesting looking crotch!

For a second I was thrown: I felt a yearning deep inside to hike my skirt up and flash my pussy at this hunk of a man. My nipples began to tingle and poked out obviously through my crisp white blouse. "Yes, yes... it'll be alright over there," I spluttered, watching his firm little bum form a tight shape in his uniform black trousers as he bent to put the tray on the table. I couldn't believe how much I wanted to go up behind him and press my boiling crotch against his backside.

But in an instant the moment was gone and the most shaggable man I'd ever seen was making his way towards the door. "Errr... excuse me," I blurted out, desperate for him to stay. "I need my shoes polishing." It was the first thing that came into my head and I knew how silly it sounded, but now my pussy was controlling my actions.

"Please leave your shoes outside the door and I'll return them to you by morning," the man said calmly.

"But," I paused and looked at him manically, "they need doing now..."

The man then came back towards me and said: "I will be glad to do them for you now."

A Word of Advice from Mayfair

Don't buy your kids an aardvark for Christmas. An aardvark is for life and costs a fortune in grubs and new carpet.



This was my chance, and I seized it. "The shoes I need polishing are on my feet — and I want you to take them off for me."

The handsome waiter looked into my eyes then knelt in front of me and began to ease off my left high-heeled shoe. As the shoe came off I thrust my crotch slowly towards him from my sitting position. My short skirt rode up onto my thighs

CONTINUED ON PAGE 98

mayfair hears

'I get very sexually excited on stage. It's more than just an act.' — Pint-sized pop star Prince.

'I once had sex in the back of a car and someone came up behind me and drove into the back of us.' — Chris Tarrant.

'Bruce used to have sex with a lot of people. Now he just has sex with me.' — Demi Moore.

'When I was 14 I played Tallulah in Bugsy Malone and I was told to tone down my act because I was too sexy. At 14! I was having an effect on men and you know what? I liked the feeling.' — Darling 'uds star Catherine Zeta Jones.

mayfair reads

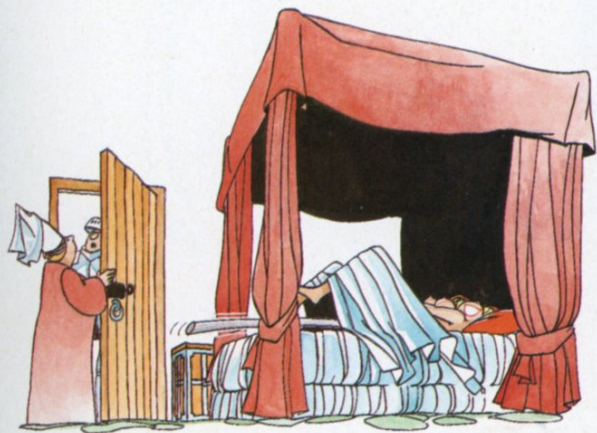
Lawyer Pedro Ramirez presented his case a little too well as he demonstrated why his client, who had been involved in a street fight, was not a murderer. For the purpose of his trial he had placed two guns — one a dummy — in his case but inadvertently picked up the real one. As he re-enacted the fight in the courtroom to prove that the dead man had been killed by his own gun, the lawyer accidentally shot himself and died. His client was found not guilty. *LA Times*

Three years ago French policeman Marcus Jacquinet was involved in a car accident after chasing a getaway car through the streets of Paris. He suffered a severed artery in his leg and were it not for passer-by, baker Marcel Elan who applied a tourniquet to his leg he would have died.

Late last year Jacquinet found himself first at the scene of another car accident and one of the drivers was bleeding from a severed artery in his leg. The driver was Marcel the baker and Marcus was able to repay him for saving his life all those years ago. *Le Monde*

German undertaker Rolf Steiger suffered a stroke — and nearly ended up at his own funeral. As a result of the illness he suffered total paralysis, but still maintained his mental awareness. However doctors pronounced him dead and he was taken to the local funeral parlour — his own! He lay there alert and helpless for two days in a coffin while friends mourned him. He was taken to a local church for the service and heard various tributes from members of his family. He was then taken to the morgue for an autopsy.

The coroner was just about to cut into his chest with a scalpel when Rolf managed to cry out weakly to show that he was still alive, nearly giving the coroner a heart attack in the process. *World Weekly News*.



Kindly inform my good lady that if I don't find my lance soon, I'll miss the tournament

WANGER'S WHOPPERS

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

faster. Suddenly Mike closed his eyes and came deep inside Sue. This tipped me over the edge too and my body shook with deep-felt pleasure. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth in ecstasy.

I was conscious of nothing except my orgasm until suddenly a fleshy object was slipped between my lips. I

opened my eyes to see Jeff kneeling astride my head and shafting my throat. For a moment I was startled, then it dawned on me that when Mike had slipped out of the room he must have gone to call Jeff and

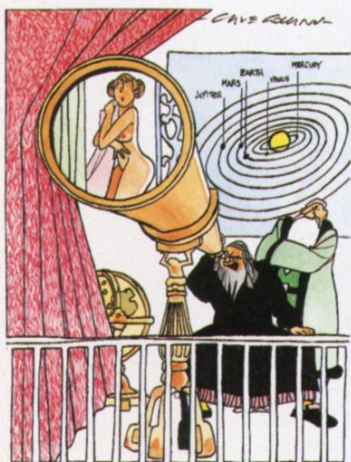


tell him about what he was missing.

Before I could mutter a word Jeff was coming in spurts down my throat and I was swallowing every drop. At the same time Sue had moved up my body and was rubbing her sopping wet pussy on my boobs, grinding her clit into my chest as Mike positioned himself between my thighs and fucked me.

Several orgasms later the four of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



Crikey Galileo... you know, there may be some merit in this infernal invention after all...

"Hello, good evening and, er, quite remarkably, welcome to A Question Of Sport!" The unmistakable ramblings of David Coleman sent sporty shivers down Leslie Wanger's spine.

"On Bill's team tonight are Britain's top lady tennis player, ranked 11,423, Jo Durie, and, er, quite remarkably, Scotland winger turned manager of Blackburn Rovers, Kenny Dalglish."

"While joining Ian Botham, we have a swimming star making a comeback, Sharron Davies, and soccer star, cricket king, snooker celeb and the reigning 'Pipeman And Corduroy Wearer of the Year', Leslie Wanger!"

As applause rang around the TV studio, Wanger felt his pride, and other things, begin to swell.

"First of all, er, let's kick off with the numbers game, and Leslie, you're first."

"Number One, please David."

"Just like you, eh Les?" grovelled Coleman.

The board spun around to reveal a large, firm thigh and a curly black mop of hair.

"Geoff Capes, David," said Wanger unhesitatingly.

"You could be in trouble here Les," said the jovial quizmaster.

"In fact it's Fatima Whitbread!"

"Wooah! Wanna watch yourself next time you're running at Crystal Palace, Leslie," guffawed Bill Beaumont, "or you'll end up with a javelin up your arse!"

"Naah," said Botham, "he's used to feeling a big prick! And I bet they cut THAT one out!"

Wanger blushed as the other numbers passed uneventfully.

"And at the end of the first round, it's Bill 6, Ian 4. Next up, specialist subjects, and er, quite remarkably Leslie, we didn't really know what sport to give you... I mean, soccer, cricket, tennis, skiing... you've done the lot!"

"Ask him about that bird he had in his hotel room in the West Indies," chipped in Botham.

"It didn't sound like she was his specialist subject! A couple of groans and then she started laughing! And I bet they cut THAT out!"

Wanger turned bright red again.

"So Les," said Coleman, "who struck a hole-in-one on the first morning of the Open, before netting a couple against Kenny Dalglish's Liverpool in the afternoon?"

Wanger was flustered, his mind was blank. His eyes darted

nervously from his twitching pencil to his twitching tackle.

"Your team-mates can help you here," prompted Coleman.

"Wanger!" blurted out Sharron Davies, trying to shock the great man into action.

"I beg your pardon, love," cracked Botham. "You want what? And I bet they cut THAT out!"

"Well, er quite remarkably for a woman, Sharron, you're absolutely right. It was, in fact, Leslie Wanger. I'm surprised you don't remember it, Les, 'cos I'm sure Kenny does..."

"Och, weell, they w're b'th miiles offside, anyhow, an't he referee couldnae see but a coupla feet in front o' him, the blind get," whinged Dalglish.

Wanger hid his face in his hands.

By the end of three rounds, Bill led Ian by five points, and Wanger could hardly get a word out, so petrified was he of his people seeing the great man fail.

DEEP SCREW

"Now for the What Happened Next round, and Ian's team, you're first. For you, we have snooker, and a match between Eddie Charlton and Cliff Thorburn."

The monitor on the contestants' desks showed Eddie Charlton knocking in a red after an excruciatingly long pause. The picture stopped as the camera panned in on Cliff Thorburn's shoes.

"Now, Leslie," said Coleman, "you'll recall this match, as this was the year you took the world title."

"Ah, yes, I know it!" exclaimed Wanger in his clipped Eton tones. "Now Eddie's going for a deep screw on the black..." Wanger

glared at Botham, daring him to say a word, "... he misuses the ball, and it jumps off the table!"

"Not quite, Les. Take a look at this," said Coleman as the camera panned up Thorburn's body.

"As you can see, Cliff's fallen into a coma waiting for Eddie to play his next shot!"

"A bit like that bird in the West Indies," quipped Botham.

Wanger doubled over in shame, and as he did, his microphone dropped off his sweater and clunked onto the floor. Filming continued as the pert, starstruck studio assistant crawled under Wanger's desk to replace it.

"Well, no thanks to Leslie, the scores are level as we go into the final round," said Coleman.

Wanger's weapon made its usual stiff reaction when in the company of beautiful girls and sporting commentary. As Jo Durie and Sharron Davies began to answer questions, Wanger felt his flies being unzipped and a pair of hot young lips wrap around his shaft. Wanger began to turn purple.

"Quite remarkably, Ian, it's the last one on the numbers board, and you have to get it right to win!"

The picture showed a footballer's back.

"We're not sure, is it... Gazza, no, it's Bryan Robson, maybe..."

Wanger was reaching the point of no return, and couldn't hold on. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

"Yes, Leslie, absolutely right. Ian's team wins," squealed Coleman.

Wanger managed a weak smile.

"Wanger always comes out on top!" quipped Botham. "And I bet they cut THAT one out!"



and revealing a white silky vee of panties. My juices were soaking the crotch and I parted my legs slightly as the waiter caught sight of my pussy. He breathed in deeply, smelling my come. Then I put my hands behind the waiter's head and pulled his head into my sopping snatch.

"Lick me!" I demanded. "I want you to lick every inch of my slit."

Without uttering a word, my waiter nuzzled his head deeper between my thighs and I pulled my panties aside so his tongue could meet my thrusts. I felt so dirty and dominant as I lifted up my



thighs high over the man's head so he could lick me harder. I ripped open my blouse and squeezed my hard boobs till I felt a tingle in my clitty and I came vigorously.

Then I got up and moved to the bed, slipped out of my skirt and told the waiter to stand before me. Then, while I undid his fly and pulled out his meaty cock, I asked the man how many other women he had fucked while he was doing his job. "Lots," he replied, and I thrilled at the dirty feeling of sucking on a cock that had been up so many women. I thought I could almost taste their dripping fannies as I tugged at his flesh with my teeth.

I fell back onto the bed, tore off my knickers,



noted also
I'm afraid my husband's a workaholic!

opened my legs and said firmly: "Fuck me."

The waiter's response came in short, sharp thrusts between my swollen pussy lips. The thickness of his cock stretched my love-hole as I hammered my crotch into his. Come poured from my cunt and I began to growl obscenities into the waiter's ear. There I was, a prim Miss, Deputy Head of a posh school telling this young man to fuck me like he'd never fucked before! I thought I was dreaming.

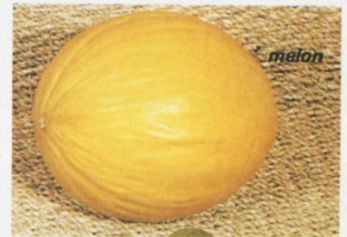
But there was nothing imaginary about the climax that suddenly ripped through me, making my pussy muscles spasm around the man's cock and drawing his orgasm from him. He shot inside me and I reached down to slip a finger into my love-hole alongside the waiter's wilting tool. I made sure my finger

was covered in a mixture of our juices and then popped it into my mouth to taste them.

"Mmm," I murmured, "you taste wonderful." My smutty mood was gradually subsiding into a longing to hug and kiss and make love slower and longer next time.

Of course most of the night was spent fucking in every way imaginable and the next day it was a very tired, but satisfied looking Deputy Head that gave the opening speech at the conference!

As for my waiter, I never did find out his name. I thought it would spoil the dirtiness of it all. Now I intend to try out hotel room-service all over the country. R G, Lincoln.



A Word of Advice from Mayfair

When travelling on an aeroplane be sure to block your ears with melon seeds in case of banal, irritating conversation.

Next month in Mayfair

Lovely Lisa Branson is just one of a great big bed full of horny sex kittens who can't wait to get naked for you in

Volume 27 Number 4, on sale April 9.



in my case, a new lover. I'd been married to Jeff for three years and to be perfectly blunt about it, the naughtiest thing he ever did in bed was spill his tea. Don't get me wrong, we got on alright, but we never got it on, if you know what I mean!

Jeff always seemed too tired to be interested in

screwing and our sex life gradually became a quick one on a Saturday night if he wasn't too drunk. I tried everything to get him going again: naughty undies, talking dirty and sucking him off at every opportunity, but Jeff was more interested in his newspaper than my pussy. I'd spend hours during the day fantasising about all the filthy things we could do together if Jeff could only be bothered. So one Friday, about two months ago I put it to Jeff that if he didn't give my body some attention soon I'd go and find someone who would. But Jeff couldn't even get up the energy to argue and as I recall, hardly glanced up from his paper as I stormed out of the house and headed for my best friend Sue's house down the road. Perhaps if I'd planned my ultimatum a little better I'd have done it on a warm summer evening when it wasn't bucketing it down with rain outside!

I was very upset and, thinking back on it, I must have looked rather strange to Sue's husband, Mike, when he opened the door to find me standing there on the doorstep. I was drenched from head to foot, my tears mixing with the cold rain to make my mascara run

A Word of Advice from Mayfair

When in Greece, never try to hurry a Greek — it is very bad manners. Never appear even to be in a hurry.



in spidery black rivers down my face. "Oh, Mike," I sobbed, throwing myself into his arms, "I've just left Jeff and I don't know what to do!"

Mike managed to calm me down and led me through to the lounge where Sue made room for me on the sofa and asked what was wrong. Sue had known that all was not great between me and Jeff, but I think she was genuinely surprised that the reason for my unhappiness was lack of sex.

"It's just that I'd always thought you were a bit of a devil between the sheets," said Sue, trying to cheer me up. "I mean, I've seen those naughty magazines around your house so I just assumed that you and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26



No no, you must have mis-heard me... I never said anything about showing you my collection of horse-brasses...

MONEY

City Editor Alexander More sorts out the men who pull the purse strings...

BUDGET CHEERS

With the end of the recession still around several corners, an Election looming, and the Tory Party standing about as much chance as getting in as Bella Emberg does in *Mayfair*, just about every newspaper is telling the Chancellor what he should do to increase spending. Some say cut tax, others say slash VAT or increase personal allowances. But are these sufficiently high incentives to increase the morale of the public?

Frankly no. The Chancellor needs to do only one thing to win all our hearts and stimulate the economy, and that is to get rid of the ludicrously high levy on beer, wine and spirits. As well as massively improving the country's morale this will also get the country back on its feet (albeit wobbling slightly) by:

- 1) Increasing spending on beer, wine and spirits
 - 2) Increasing spending on chips, curry, dodgy kebabs and the Warcry
 - 3) Helping small businesses like mini-cab firms and seafood stallholders
 - 4) Helping the NHS. Drunks are notoriously generous to can-rattlers wanting money for a new dialysis machine at the Children's Hospital
 - 5) Improving the environment. Well, after a few pints it'll seem better
 - 6) Getting people so pissed they might inadvertently vote Conservative again
- There is no charge for this advice, Chancellor. Just buy a drink some time.

Those caring folk in the building societies (remember how Crabby National etc. were doing so much a few months ago to help prevent repossessions?) have now decided to increase the already astronomical mortgage rates by 1 per cent to people renting out their property. What reason can there possibly be except pure profit? Nationwide Wanklia claimed that it was because loans were intended to cover the property lived in, not any others. Our advice is simple. Don't tell them what you're doing.

JAPANESE BOYO

There's a nip in the air around the valleys of South Wales. The one-time home of male voice choirs is now dancing to a different tune, probably from a karaoke machine. There are now so many Japanese companies in there that the children there are being taught the language at school so they stand a chance of getting a job when they leave! I suppose it has to be easier to understand than Welsh!

BUM DEAL

Last month we brought you the billion dollar bra, and now it's the half million pound arse! Last week, model Louise Hodges who is said by photographer

LIVE AND LET LET?

As anyone in the South East will tell you, the housing market is deadlier than a dodo's donger at the moment with some houses on the market longer than Pete Beale. First time buying is easy, but selling is absolutely impossible, so the obvious solution seems to be to buy your dreamhouse without selling your nightmare one, thus taking advantage of cheap prices and not being in a chain.

Impossible? Not entirely. All you have to do is rent out your old house to pay the mortgage whilst you buy the second, then sell the first later when things get a bit better. Unfortunately, you must sell one of your properties within 12 months to escape capital gains tax, but apart from that there is no snag, or rather there wasn't.



MAYFAIR

THE FLOPPING DIXONS

The latest retail chain to announce a massive fall in profits is hi-fi, video and gizmo outlet, Dixons. They've had their worst winter ever and naturally blame the recession. But is that the real reason?

Could it also be something to do with the fact that nobody in any of their shops seems to have the vaguest idea how the fuck any of their products work? A recent visit in one branch with my pockets stuffed with a thousand quid to buy a camcorder for a bit of home blue movie producing brought this following exchange...

"I'm interested in a hi-eight 8mm camcorder with low light capability, and I notice that you've got a Sony at £988 and a Panasonic at £750, can you tell me the difference?"

"Well, this one's a Sony."

"Ye-e-es..."

"And, well, it's err, well, it's err, better."

"In what way?"

"Well, it's err, got err, well, more... bells and whistles on it."

The cheap suited till jockey had no idea what he was talking about. Do Dixons really expect customers to hand over the best part of a grand to a brain dead haircut in a tacky suit?

FORGING AHEAD

One business that is booming during the recessed times is the sale of full colour photocopyers. Why? Because they are ideal for counterfeiting banknotes, stamps and other valuables. When it comes to making money the easy way, the Germans get top marks for photocopied wads with the Bundesbank announcing an increase from 4,000 to 26,000 cases last year. Some of the phoney notes were even being handed out by banks who hadn't noticed these obvious copies. No wonder there are so many Germans driving big BMWs.

Naturally the government has come up with a serious deterrent. All copiers carry a warning pointing out that Xeroxing currency is illegal. That might put the wind up the Krauts but not the Krays and their ilk. The Underworld leaders are all said to be rushing out to swap their shooters for Canons as I write...

Gordon Rondelle, amongst others, to have 'the best bum in the business' nipped along to her insurance brokers and took something out. It's a policy worth 500,000 smackers if her bottom gets battered in any way and she's unable to work.

The insurance company (Rhoids of London?) recognised an asset worth holding on to, and said they would be happy to cover it (and even happier to

uncover it). "We keep photographic evidence of all insured valuables," said the cheeky representative of the insurance company. "We even suggested having her bottom stamped with a serial number in case it gets pinched."

Louise's policy, however, does not include acts of God. So if you want to slap her on the bottom you need a friend in high places.



Diary

Jonathon Ross

How do I wank.

That's the question I'm most often asked by you the public. In

terms of wanking, where do I come vis a vis other chat show

hosts? The answer, to my mind, is that I

come higher than Michael Aspel, but

not quite as high as Tewwy Wogan. Though I'm at it

more than he is these days. Of course, when it comes to Gloria Hunniford and Oprah Winfrey, well, the wanking system for them is totally different, so I don't think it's fair to make a comparison.

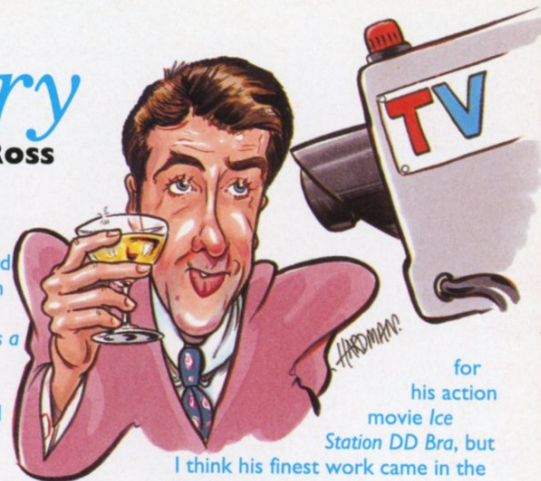
And speaking of top questioners...

The other day I was just about to slip into a chintzy Italian twat — I've eaten all over the world, but when I want to get my face into something tasty I always drop down to Mrs Gianelli's Twat, Wistowante Wusticana in Barking High Street — when a fella came up and put a straight one to me.

He said, "We know you talk with a lisp, but do you weally have to wite with one too?" The answer of course, is no. I'm afraid it was just a cheap way of getting laughs.

That's better. Now, apart from being a top ranking chat show host, I'm also a bit of a film buff — ask me to name Eva Marie-Saint's most famous part, and I'll put my finger on it right away — so it's hardly surprising that I should be the presenter of *The Incredibly Amazing Super-8 Show* (it's even less surprising when you know I own the TV company that made it!). In the next series I've got some truly astounding directors. Movie mavericks such as Hong Kong's very own Jackie Nori. Jackie is a sex mad transvestite kung fu expert and his films reflect these varied interests. Perhaps the most famous is *Enter with Drag On*, widely acknowledged to be the greatest marital arts film ever made (and if you think I mean martial arts, you obviously haven't seen the way the chicks in Nori's movie come flying at the camera with their legs in the air!).

My own particular favourite amongst these independent clapper-board kings was undoubtedly Mukyak Yakyuk, the witty eskimo director from Greenland. Yakyuk is totally obsessed by his search for the perfect bazookers. In Britain he is probably best known



for his action movie *Ice Station DD Bra*, but

I think his finest work came in the Welsh classic *How Green Was My Valley*, which featured Bristol Quest as the girl with the grass seed, the Playtex and the unusual horticultural technique. Yakyuk told me candidly that he traced his breast fixation back to his childhood days in an igloo: "When you live inside a titanic white tit," he said, "you develop a sort of mid-winter mammary madness." This fascinating series will be screened in Spring (bit of a plug, I know, but what else is the point of a friendly chat like this one? Certainly none of my guests on my show could come up with anything when asked this very same question).

Now millions of you must have imagined what it would be like to appear on a top rated chat show such as mine. I bet some of you have even had a little fantasy about it while you're in the bathroom. Well here's your chance to find out.

JR: Tell me about your new film/TV show/record/set of pan scrubbers. You: Well, Jonathon (fill in your own bit here).

JR: That sounds brilliant. Do you think it will be a big hit?

You: Oh yes (waffle on a little if you like).

JR: Great! Amazing! Fabulous! Now (insert your name) do you think Kylie is as wonderful as I do?

You: (Agree in your own words). Tough and searching, eh? But at least now you can tell your mates that you've been probed by leading celebrity host Jonathon Ross!

I'm frequently voted one of Britain's best dressed men. As a consequence I'm often asked where I get my fantastic suits. The answer is I get them all tailor made. There's a girl in Poplar who runs up my trousers and a bloke in Bow who handles my vents. Shoulder pads have become my trademark. Nowadays they're such an integral part of my show that a critic once said, "If it wasn't for all the padding Ross's show wouldn't last two minutes." Quite a compliment to my tailor, I'm sure you'd agree.

Corner

"Yes, yes," said Scrooh impatiently, all this talk of willies making him desperate for a hot dog and chocolate éclair. "But who could have stolen it?"

"At last, my dear Scrooh, you have grasped the nettle," Eyesore said. "That is what I want to know! Find it, Scrooh, and I will give you invites to the best parties in the world."

"Oooh Scrooh! That sounds exciting!" trilled Wiglet. "Do you think Eyesore could really get us all of those things?"

"Nah!" replied Scrooh. "That miserable cunt's full of bullshit."

Despite Scrooh's protestations that Eyesore was a Boring Old Fart who Deserved What He Got, he and Wiglet decided to organ-dise a search for the missing member. After several smackerels of cholesterol-packed foodstuffs and a couple of aspirins to calm the pains in his chest, Scrooh set off with his friend on a Series of Visits.

By now the sun was behaving like a small boy at the back of a crowd of spectators, peeping through the dull grey layers of cloud when it could, and sulking sullenly behind them when it couldn't. But Scrooh couldn't give a toss. Their first stop was at Miss Wanga's, and he thought she was Quite Fanciable in a Rough Sort of Way.

Miss Wanga was an Australian immigrant single parent who lived with her daughter and her current bloke in a squalid house reeking of piss and Pampers in the council-owned part of the Forest. Her current lodger was Frigger, a party animal she'd met at a Karaoke night and who had stayed ever since. Christopher Snobby said she'd been On the Game which Scrooh didn't understand, but he still found her strangely exciting.

"Oh hello, Scrooh, come in," she said when the couple arrived. Scrooh noticed she was wearing a shortie nightie, make-up and heels. "What can I do for you?"

"Have you seen a penis recently," asked Scrooh.

"I generally get paid for that talk," purred Wanga.

"Only Eyesore's lost one," added Wiglet quickly, trying to avoid any innuendo which he found deeply embarrassing. "We thought you might be, err, using it for something."

At that point Frigger walked in.

"Oooh no, I've got everything I need here," she cooed, patted Frigger's impressive packet. "What would I want with a dildo? Now, is there anything else I can do for you, Scrooh? A little lip service? On the house..."

Scrooh's eyes lit up.

"No, that's all," replied Wiglet hurriedly, and pulled his chum out of the door. Scrooh was not a Happy Bear.

His mood had done little to improve by the time they reached Habbit's burrow. Habbit was an officious, fussy spinster who'd once been P.A. to a publisher who wrecked her life by overworking her. Her house was dusted

hourly. She hadn't had sex for 35 years.

Habbit didn't open the door without first peeking through her net curtain to make sure it wasn't Ne'er-do-wells. Even when she saw it was Scrooh and Wiglet, she kept the chain on.

"Oh hello, Scrooh, Wiglet," she said breathlessly. "I was dusting."

"Hello, Habbit," began Scrooh. "I don't suppose you've... no, forget it. Didn't mean to disturb you. Bye."

The red-faced couple hurried off leaving a baffled Habbit behind them.

By teatime, neither Scrooh nor Wiglet had seen anything remotely resembling a wanger. Still there was one more place to try. Jowl was a jolly erudite old bird with a habit of inviting smaller animals in for tea. Because of his cake-related generosity, Scrooh liked Jowl, though Wiglet found him frightening, claiming the bird was prone to Touching Him Unexpectedly in very personal places.

"Ahhh, Scrooh, and how delightful, little Wiglet too!" boomed Jowl shaking their hands uncomfortably warmly and rather too long for Wiglet's liking.

"Come in. Do have a Mr Kipling Apple Pie."

Scrooh grabbed one quickly. Wiglet declined not only the cake but Jowl's offer to share the sofa. In fact, it was whilst



Wiglet

was climbing into a particularly prickly wicker chair as far from Jowl as possible that he almost tripped over something on the floor.

It was long. It was pink. It had two large lumps on one end.

"Errr Jowl," asked Wiglet nervously.

"Yes, young man?"

"W-w-w-what's that?" stammered Wiglet pointing nervously at the phallus.

"Wha-Ha-Ha!" roared Jowl. "Why that's Eyesore's penis! I use it as a draught excluder. After all, that drunken tosspot had no more use for it. Good eh? Have another couple of cakes, Scrooh."

Scrooh looked at Wiglet. Wiglet looked at Scrooh. Scrooh looked at the plentiful supply of cakes.

"Fuck him," Scrooh said cheerfully. "Serves the boring old bugger right. By the way, I've got this great new poem. There was an old maid of Nantucket..."

STUFF

You just can't get through the foolish month of April without...

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WANGER'S WHOPPERS

LETTERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

faster. Suddenly Mike closed his eyes and came deep inside Sue. This tipped me over the edge too and my body shook with deep-felt pleasure. I closed my eyes and opened my mouth in ecstasy.

I was conscious of nothing except my orgasm until suddenly a fleshy object was slipped between my lips. I

opened my eyes to see Jeff kneeling astride my head and shafting my throat. For a moment I was startled, then it dawned on me that when Mike had slipped out of the room he must have gone to call Jeff and

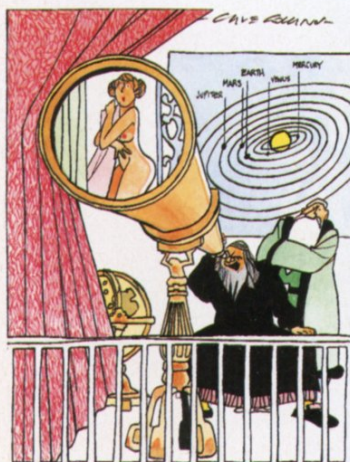


tell him about what he was missing.

Before I could mutter a word Jeff was coming in spurts down my throat and I was swallowing every drop. At the same time Sue had moved up my body and was rubbing her sopping wet pussy on my boobs, grinding her clit into my chest as Mike positioned himself between my thighs and fucked me.

Several orgasms later the four of

CONTINUED ON PAGE 52



Crikey Galileo... you know, there may be some merit in this infernal invention after all...

"Hello, good evening and, er, quite remarkably, welcome to A Question Of Sport!" The unmistakable ramblings of David Coleman sent sporty shivers down Leslie Wanger's spine.

"On Bill's team tonight are Britain's top lady tennis player, ranked 11,423, Jo Durie, and, er, quite remarkably, Scotland winger turned manager of Blackburn Rovers, Kenny Dalglish.

"While joining Ian Botham, we have a swimming star making a comeback, Sharron Davies, and soccer star, cricket king, snooker celeb and the reigning 'Pipeman And Corduroy Wearer of the Year', Leslie Wanger!"

As applause rang around the TV studio, Wanger felt his pride, and other things, begin to swell.

"First of all, er, let's kick off with the numbers game, and Leslie, you're first."

"Number One, please David."

"Just like you, eh Les?" grovelled Coleman.

The board spun around to reveal a large, firm thigh and a curly black mop of hair.

"Geoff Capes, David," said Wanger unhesitatingly.

"You could be in trouble here Les," said the jovial quizmaster.

"In fact it's Fatima Whitbread!"

"Wooaah! Wanna watch yourself next time you're running at Crystal Palace, Leslie," guffawed Bill Beaumont, "or you'll end up with a javelin up your arse!"

"Naah," said Botham, "he's used to feeling a big prick! And I bet they cut THAT one out!"

Wanger blushed as the other numbers passed uneventfully.

"And at the end of the first round, it's Bill 6, Ian 4. Next up, specialist subjects, and er, quite remarkably Leslie, we didn't really know what sport to give you... I mean, soccer, cricket, tennis, skiing... you've done the lot!"

"Ask him about that bird he had in his hotel room in the West Indies," chipped in Botham.

"It didn't sound like she was his specialist subject! A couple of groans and then she started laughing! And I bet they cut THAT out!"

Wanger turned bright red again.

"So Les," said Coleman, "who struck a hole-in-one on the first morning of the Open, before netting a couple against Kenny Dalglish's Liverpool in the afternoon?"

Wanger was flustered, his mind was blank. His eyes darted

nervously from his twitching pencil to his twitching tackle.

"Your team-mates can help you here," prompted Coleman.

"Wanger!" blurted out Sharron Davies, trying to shock the great man into action.

"I beg your pardon, love," cracked Botham. "You want what? And I bet they cut THAT out!"

"Well, er quite remarkably for a woman, Sharron, you're absolutely right. It was, in fact, Leslie Wanger. I'm surprised you don't remember it, Les, 'cos I'm sure Kenny does..."

"Och, weell, they w're b'th miiles offside, anyhow, an't he referee couldnae see but a coupla feet in front o' him, the blind get," whinged Dalglish.

Wanger hid his face in his hands.

By the end of three rounds, Bill led Ian by five points, and Wanger could hardly get a word out, so petrified was he of his people seeing the great man fail.

DEEP SCREW

"Now for the What Happened Next round, and Ian's team, you're first. For you, we have snooker, and a match between Eddie Charlton and Cliff Thorburn."

The monitor on the contestants' desks showed Eddie Charlton knocking in a red after an excruciatingly long pause. The picture stopped as the camera panned in on Cliff Thorburn's shoes.

"Now, Leslie," said Coleman, "you'll recall this match, as this was the year you took the world title."

"Ah, yes, I know it!" exclaimed Wanger in his clipped Eton tones. "Now Eddie's going for a deep screw on the black..." Wanger

glared at Botham, daring him to say a word, "... he misuses the ball, and it jumps off the table!"

"Not quite, Les. Take a look at this," said Coleman as the camera panned up Thorburn's body.

"As you can see, Cliff's fallen into a coma waiting for Eddie to play his next shot!"

"A bit like that bird in the West Indies," quipped Botham.

Wanger doubled over in shame, and as he did, his microphone dropped off his sweater and clunked onto the floor. Filming continued as the pert, starstruck studio assistant crawled under Wanger's desk to replace it.

"Well, no thanks to Leslie, the scores are level as we go into the final round," said Coleman.

Wanger's weapon made its usual stiff reaction when in the company of beautiful girls and sporting commentary. As Jo Durie and Sharron Davies began to answer questions, Wanger felt his flies being unzipped and a pair of hot young lips wrap around his shaft. Wanger began to turn purple.

"Quite remarkably, Ian, it's the last one on the numbers board, and you have to get it right to win!"

The picture showed a footballer's back.

"We're not sure, is it... Gazza, no, it's Bryan Robson, maybe..."

Wanger was reaching the point of no return, and couldn't hold on. "Oh, yes, yes, yes!"

"Yes, Leslie, absolutely right. Ian's team wins," squealed Coleman.

Wanger managed a weak smile.

"Wanger always comes out on top!" quipped Botham. "And I bet they cut THAT one out!"



THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SEX

GREEK ISLANDS

Whether it's a weekend in Isleworth or a fortnight in Fiji, our man about the world, Cliff Wicket, points you in the right direction for fun, sun and easy sex. This month he leaves his swimming trunks at home and casts a critical eye on the exotic islands of the Aegean...

It is with a great happiness that I look forward to my two weeks in the Greek islands. The miles of golden sand trembling with tit-flesh; the cool blue seas brimming with nubile girls; and the acres of sun-browned bottoms. The Greeks have a word for it: totty.

There are two reasons to go to the Greek islands: sun-bathing and shagging. Anyone who tells you they go to the islands 'to experience the traditional way of life and see lovely Greek architecture' is a liar. For while you can't walk two paces on the Greek mainland without falling over a broken plate or an Ionian pillar, the Islands are about as historically and architecturally interesting as Basildon.

This is because until the Sixties no-one ever went there, not even the Greeks. Then came the Hippies who found that places like Kos, Ios and Crete were well beyond the Long Arm of the British Law which meant they could smoke spliffs and pop pills to their heart's content — or until their heart packed up. In fact it wasn't until 1975 that anyone noticed the native Greek Islanders cowering in their white-washed doorways and realised that the indigenous species was not a long-haired, smelly urchin called Dweezil or Moonchild. Over the years most of the original Hippies have either died out, dropped out or passed out. Others have returned to Britain to start multi-million pound music megastore-airline companies.

GREEK WOMEN

All Greek girls are virgins — even the prostitutes wear chastity belts. You have more chance of scoring 181 with three darts than scoring with a Greek girl.

Though stunningly pretty and perfectly formed, the local talent is like a fat man's feet: untouchable. Greek women don't go in for one-night stands, preferring something more permanent. So if you do manage to make yourself understood well enough to propose to an olive-skinned Aphrodite, she'll have you down the aisle and up the maternity ward before the first flight home to Gatwick.

Once you've tied the knot your lithe Ionian islander will spend the rest of her life turning into a leather-faced cripple with a hunchback and a head-scarf. You'll spend the rest of yours just learning how to pronounce her name.

Greek girls are not known for their sexual prowess, due largely to the fact that, like their statues, most have no arms. So mutual masturbation is a fairly one-sided affair. Those girls who do have arms have thick, black underarm hair, which does have its advantages...

Holiday makers are a whole different bucket of tits altogether. While Greek girls should only

be admired from a distance, you can get right up to a topless tourist before she tells you to fuck off and stop staring!

The white beaches of the Greek islands are the summer play-grounds of Europe's most beautiful women. From German goddesses with boobs like beach balls to leggy London girls with BBC accents and bums like fresh peaches, the islands are positively pulsating with pussy.

WHAT TO TAKE

Binoculars for boob-spotting; a camera with telephoto lens for capturing great tits at long distance; and loadsamoney to show off to the locals what it's like to come from a First World country.

WHERE TO GO

All Greek islands have names like Paros, Paxos, Paxo and Oxo so you'll only remember what they're called for about as long as it takes you to forget the name of your girlfriend back home. However here are five islands worth keeping in mind when you fancy a week or two of lying on a beach and getting laid...

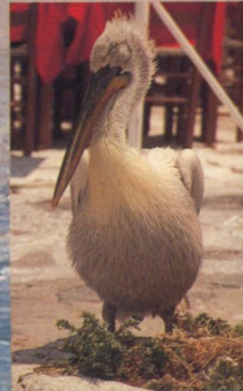
MYKONOS

The holiday destination of the rich and famous, Mykonos was once the playground of every gay groupie with a beach towel. Now it's been straightened out somewhat, and the quaint cobbled streets of its towns are lined with typical Greek shops like Gucci, Chanel and Mr Byrite. Nearly a hundred bars in the capital, Mykonos Town (twin town: Balsover), offer days of fun and laughter, evenings of fights and lager, and nights with your head down the toilet and a steak on your eye.

Local fishermen have adopted a friendly pelican and named it Petra (after a dead dog on Blue Peter). So pelican crossing is a common local pastime during the cold winter months. *Local greeting:* "Have you seen Petra? It's supposed to be my turn now!" *Hazards:* Bridgitte Neilson's tits; scouse housewives on a Shirley Valentine pilgrimage; and having the name Petra.

CORFU

Once known as "Cor! Phew! Look at the fun-bags on her!", after the mating call of Club 18-30 holiday makers, this





island in the Ionian Sea is usually known by its abbreviated name. Corfu attracts more British visitors than all the other Greek islands put together, so look forward to running into the Jones's from number 73.

Local greeting: "Push pineapple, shake the tree!"

Hazards: being considered dead if you're over 30; deciding to sunbathe naked following a cold swim; running into Mr Jones when you're on holiday with his wife.

PAROS

Twenty years ago the lack of nightlife on this island was the inspiration for Monty Python's enduring 'Dead Paros Sketch'. Today, however, the ceaseless flow of air and sea traffic from all over the world pouring visitors onto Paros mean that the beach resembles a tray of tightly packed McCain's oven chips, and if someone falls over, the domino affect set in motion flattens the whole population in ten minutes. Bathing in the sea is operated on a strictly one-out one-in basis.

Local greeting: "Excuse me old chap, I wonder if you would you mind lifting your left leg onto your shoulder while I just scratch my bum."

Hazard: accidentally scratching someone else's bum.

LESBOS

Not the place to pick up a chick unless you're one of those funny fellows with big tits and a fanny. Although one of the most beautiful places to get turned down, Lesbos is a favourite haunt of women in love. No amount of posing in your leopardskin pouch will get you a girl, so instead lie back and let the best free floorshow in Europe wash over you.

Local humour: "What do you call a woman with her tongue sticking out? A lesbian with a hard-on."

Hazards: having a hairy chest; being caught watching by two German bulldykes; and losing your bird to a leggy blonde from Belgium.

RHODES

Rhodes is a mixture of old and modern: the nice old buildings have been knocked down to make way for horrible new ones. However, as the brochures proclaim, Lindos town has the advantage of being 'one of the hilliest resorts in the islands making it thoroughly unsuitable for the elderly'. Also, at the height of the summer season the temperature gets so high that drinking fifteen pints of lager at lunchtime is a medical necessity. On Rhodes the locals are extremely honest — except the ones who steal your wallet when you go for a swim.

Local humour: "How do Greek women keep their stockings up? They back comb the hairs on their legs."

Hazard: being invited to see a Greek's bouzouki and looking up his wife's skirt.

NAKED TRUTH

Nudism is still banned on all but a very few nudist beaches. There are on some islands remote beaches where nudism is tolerated; for example, at Krassa, now called Banana Beach because you can peel off everything, on Skiathos. Topless sunbathing has become more general and is tolerated except in the centre of town. So eating mousakka off your partner's tits is best done indoors.

DRINK

Cafes (Greek Coffee): this is in fact Turkish coffee, with mud in the bottom. A cup the size of a thimble will deprive you of sleep for three days.

Ouzo: served iced with water, this clear spirit is the only known antidote to the effects of Greek Coffee.

Retsina: a white wine that's so rough it doubles as sandpaper. Wine buffs say it tastes like camphor balls, which must be bad news for female camphors.

Greek Beer: brewed everywhere except Greece by the French. Tastes like it came in the same barrel as the mosquito repellent.

Metaxa brandy: comes in 3, 5 and 7 star, though most hire cars will run on petrol too.

ESSENTIAL LOCAL LINGO

Kalimera — Good morning.

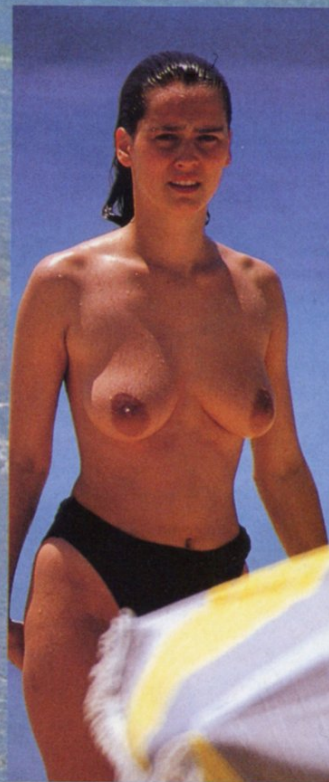
Kalispera — Good afternoon.

Kalihvala — Good semolina cake.

Yasou — Hello.

Cherete — Goodbye.

Yasou cherete halva — Hello goodbye semolina cake.



flash!

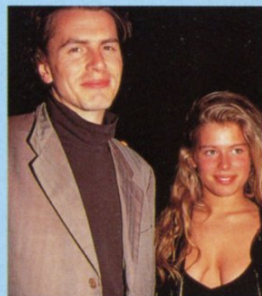
Once again Mayfair reaches the parts other magazines cannot reach, hitting the town in search of sexy celebs who like to get them together...



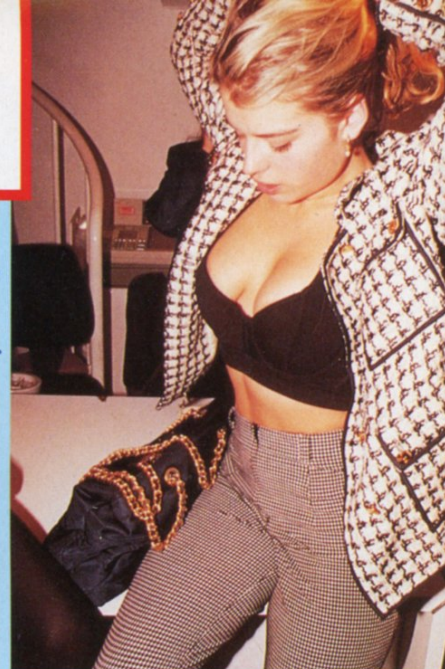
Small ones are more juicy! You don't get many of Miss Mizzi's to the ounce



Simply the bust — Tina Turner shows us Nutbush's titty limits



The Word is Amanda de Cadenet's cleavage is Terry-fyingly deep



Who's that pair! Oh yes, it's that Amanda de Cadenet again



Flash Dannii! Miss Minogue still prefers to keep hers behind bras



Not everything Campbells make is condensed. Witness Naomi's knockers



Naughty Nathalie Banus gets her tits out on the town and shows what a top model's made of



A handy place to put your pint pot! Denise Lewis's is knowingly oversold!



Kylie's uplift bra must win the Oscar for best supporting role, even though it's lightweight

Then there's Amanda de Cadenet...



Miss Neilson's creamy cleavage is so wide you just can't bridge it — ho-ho!

Teenage Health Freak Lisa Walker hawks her Chesneys round the clubs

Corner

"Yes, yes," said Scrooh impatiently, all this talk of willies making him desperate for a hot dog and chocolate éclair. "But who could have stolen it?"

"At last, my dear Scrooh, you have grasped the nettle," Eyesore said. "That is what I want to know! Find it, Scrooh, and I will give you invites to the best parties in the world."

"Oooh Scrooh! That sounds exciting!" trilled Wiglet. "Do you think Eyesore could really get us all of those things?"

"Nah!" replied Scrooh. "That miserable cunt's full of bullshit."

Despite Scrooh's protestations that Eyesore was a Boring Old Fart who Deserved What He Got, he and Wiglet decided to organ-dise a search for the missing member. After several smackerels of cholesterol-packed foodstuffs and a couple of aspirins to calm the pains in his chest, Scrooh set off with his friend on a Series of Visits.

By now the sun was behaving like a small boy at the back of a crowd of spectators, peeping through the dull grey layers of cloud when it could, and sulking sullenly behind them when it couldn't. But Scrooh couldn't give a toss. Their first stop was at Miss Wanga's, and he thought she was Quite Fanciable in a Rough Sort of Way.

Miss Wanga was an Australian immigrant single parent who lived with her daughter and her current bloke in a squalid house reeking of piss and Pampers in the council-owned part of the Forest. Her current lodger was Frigger, a party animal she'd met at a Karaoke night and who had stayed ever since. Christopher Snobby said she'd been On the Game which Scrooh didn't understand, but he still found her strangely exciting.

"Oh hello, Scrooh, come in," she said when the couple arrived. Scrooh noticed she was wearing a shortie nightie, make-up and heels. "What can I do for you?"

"Have you seen a penis recently," asked Scrooh.

"I generally get paid for that talk," purred Wanga.

"Only Eyesore's lost one," added Wiglet quickly, trying to avoid any innuendo which he found deeply embarrassing. "We thought you might be, err, using it for something."

At that point Frigger walked in.

"Oooh no, I've got everything I need here," she cooed, patted Frigger's impressive packet. "What would I want with a dildo? Now, is there anything else I can do for you, Scrooh? A little lip service? On the house..."

Scrooh's eyes lit up.

"No, that's all," replied Wiglet hurriedly, and pulled his chum out of the door. Scrooh was not a Happy Bear.

His mood had done little to improve by the time they reached Habbit's burrow. Habbit was an officious, fussy spinster who'd once been P.A. to a publisher who wrecked her life by overworking her. Her house was dusted

hourly. She hadn't had sex for 35 years.

Habbit didn't open the door without first peeking through her net curtain to make sure it wasn't Ne'er-do-wells. Even when she saw it was Scrooh and Wiglet, she kept the chain on.

"Oh hello, Scrooh, Wiglet," she said breathlessly. "I was dusting."

"Hello, Habbit," began Scrooh. "I don't suppose you've... no, forget it. Didn't mean to disturb you. Bye."

The red-faced couple hurried off leaving a baffled Habbit behind them.

By teatime, neither Scrooh nor Wiglet had seen anything remotely resembling a wanger. Still there was one more place to try. Jowl was a jolly erudite old bird with a habit of inviting smaller animals in for tea. Because of his cake-related generosity, Scrooh liked Jowl, though Wiglet found him frightening, claiming the bird was prone to Touching Him Unexpectedly in very personal places.

"Ahhh, Scrooh, and how delightful, little Wiglet too!" boomed Jowl shaking their hands uncomfortably warmly and rather too long for Wiglet's liking.

"Come in. Do have a Mr Kipling Apple Pie."

Scrooh grabbed one quickly. Wiglet declined not only the cake but Jowl's offer to share the sofa. In fact, it was whilst



Wiglet

was climbing into a particularly prickly wicker chair as far from Jowl as possible that he almost tripped over something on the floor.

It was long. It was pink. It had two large lumps on one end.

"Errr Jowl," asked Wiglet nervously.

"Yes, young man?"

"W-w-w-what's that?" stammered Wiglet pointing nervously at the phallus.

"Wha-Ha-Ha!" roared Jowl. "Why that's Eyesore's penis! I use it as a draught excluder. After all, that drunken tosspot had no more use for it. Good eh? Have another couple of cakes, Scrooh."

Scrooh looked at Wiglet. Wiglet looked at Scrooh. Scrooh looked at the plentiful supply of cakes.

"Fuck him," Scrooh said cheerfully. "Serves the boring old bugger right. By the way, I've got this great new poem. There was an old maid of Nantucket..."

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The House At Scrooh

In which Eyesore the donkey loses a wanger and Scrooh and Wiglet organ-dise a search for it...

By A.A. Shipton

"Bother!" said Scrooh, as he felt the first heavy drops of rain dripping through the trees in the Hundred Condom Wood.

"It's pissing down."

Scrooh had been making his way to his friend Wiglet's house to recite a Great New Poem that had come to him whilst having a dump under one of the Six Pine Trees.

"Now my fur will get wet and smell like a seaside shithouse. Bother!"

Of course, if Scrooh had ever thought of dressing the bottom half of his body as well as the top, it wouldn't happen, but he didn't. Besides, it made crapping easier, and when you ate as much as

opened it nervously fearing it might be a Big Animal that Ate Wiglets like the man from Dewhursts.

"Christopher Snobby!" he cried in relief as he saw the small boy with a ridiculous haircut standing at the door.

Christopher Snobby came in, wearing his Great Big Waterproof Mackintosh and Great Big Waterproof Boots that had so kindly been given to him by the Tory Cabinet Minister he visited in the mornings in return for pocket money.

"Listen," he said importantly, the wet rubber shining in the candlelight. "We must do something about Eyesore."

"Somebody should," muttered Scrooh. Eyesore was the old grey donkey who lived in the boggy part of the Forest

deep in dung and rusting remains of Vauxhall Vivas. He'd once been a highly

successful actor in the porn industry, but drink problems and appalling flatulence brought about by a diet of scotch and carrots, meant offers had dried up — unlike his part of the Hundred Condom

Wood. Visiting Eyesore meant wearing Stout Boots, listening to Tedious Theatrical Anecdotes and spending the next week trying to get the Stench of Shit out of your nostrils.

"Seriously, I'm worried," said Christopher Snobby. "He's very depressed about something. Perhaps you could visit him! I can't. I've got an appointment with Uncle Leon at 5pm, and this time I'm getting a Nintendo!" "Fuck!" said Scrooh.

The rain which had been impatiently pounding the tops of the trees now seemed satisfied with falling listlessly from leaf to leaf till it had amassed a big enough drop to land with a splatter on your head, or worse still, lower down.

"Have you noticed, Wiglet, how rain always seems to head straight for your gonads?" said Scrooh thoughtfully.

Wiglet blushed. He didn't like it

when Scrooh made these Unnecessary Anatomical Observations about testicles and things. He was obsessed with them. Why couldn't he just talk about Nice Things like flowers?

"Wherever a drop lands, it always gets to your tackle," Scrooh continued. "I must write a poem about it.

The more it rains — tiddly pom, The more it stains — tiddly pom, My sweater

And the more it falls — tiddly pom, The more my balls —

tiddly pom Get wetter. What do you think, Wiglet?"

Wiglet didn't think anything because

he was wading through deep donkey dung which when you're A Very Small Animal is not pleasant. It also meant that they had reached Eyesore's part of the Forest. By way of confirmation, a morose bellow with impeccable vowel sounds rose in greeting.

"Oh hello, luvvies, shitty day isn't it?" Wiglet guessed by the smell of Eyesore's breath and the heaps of shit around him that the donkey had been hitting the whisky hard that morning.

"I mean, darlings, not the sort of day you'd actually want to go out singing Hey Nonny No in the streets," he continued. "Not the kind of morning you'd actually enjoy a picnic with three types of sandwiches and Gentlemen's Relish on the side. Not the..."

"Quite!" said Scrooh irritably, still trying to dry his dripping genitals.

"So what brings you and Wiglet here to this unfashionable part of the forest in the highest precipitation since records began?" he asked, not pausing for an answer. "It reminds me of Bradford. I was playing the Alhambra, just a walk-on in Dick Whittington, you understand but I got a decent billing — well above the Babes and the scratch band anyway. Of course, I stole the show but the cast hated me. They were jealous, you see. I was on my way up. I'd had Hollywood offers. Videos, that sort of thing. They were lucky to get one night as warm-up on Wogan. Excuse me."

Eyesore paused to let out a rectal fanfare that blasted the few remaining leaves from the half-dead rhododendron bush behind him.

"That's better. Jealousy, that was it. They said I drank too much. Okay, so I liked a tippie, but nothing I couldn't handle. It was those bastards. They hated me and..."

"That's very interesting, Eyesore," said Scrooh having wiped the last drops off his bollocks with Wiglet's left ear. "But we've actually been sent by Christopher Snobby. He says you've lost something."

"Lost! Lost!" bellowed Eyesore

spluttering out a mouthful of Johnny Walker. "Stolen more like. By mountebanks and varlets..."

"Yes, but what?" dreamed Wiglet rapidly sinking in the earth of Eyesore's bowels and not wanting

to prolong the conversation any further than was necessary.

"Look! Look for yourself!" moaned Eyesore parting his back legs.

"I can't see anything," said Scrooh.

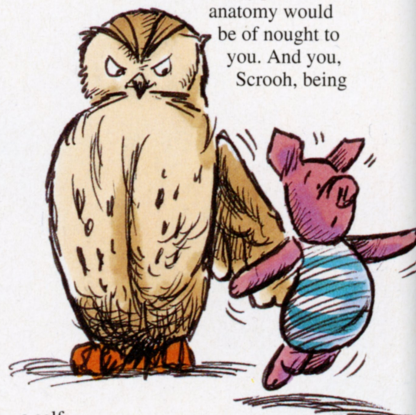
"Exactly, Scrooh, nothing!" said Eyesore with a theatrical wave of his hoof. "My point exactly, or rather the lack of my point. Your answer, quite literally, in a nutshell."

"What are you talking about?" sighed Scrooh rapidly getting desperate for a smackerel of something — anything! "My manhood is missing! My John Thomas. My vital organ and its attendant genitalia."

"You mean," stammered Piglet blushing a deep pink. "You mean, somebody has stolen your willy?"

"Willy, wanger, penis, tadger, cock. Call it what you will, little Wiglet, but its absence is the sore point in question. Now I appreciate, Wiglet, that being a Very Small Animal, the loss of such a

trifling part of the anatomy would be of nought to you. And you, Scrooh, being



a self confessed Bear of Very Little Groin, doubtless find your thigh furniture of little more than decorative value. But not me. My cock was my living. My prodigious erection was the star of *Naughty Nativity II* and *He-Whore*, *Donkey Master of the Universe* to name but two. My hard-on was box office. My knob opened doors..."



Scrooh did, crapping was a Very Important Thing.

By the time he'd got to Wiglet's house Scrooh was soaked.

"Oh Scrooh!" cried Wiglet when he saw the crap-coloured bear dripping outside his door. "Come in."

After eating everything in poor little Wiglet's larder, Scrooh sat steaming contentedly by the fire.

"Wiglet!" he said stickily, his mouth still dripping with the Hunny Wiglet had to buy specially. "I've got a great hum."

"So I noticed," winced Wiglet, holding his tiny snout to avoid it.

"Would you like to hear it?"

"Of course," lied Wiglet, used to his friend's pathetic literary aspirations.

Scrooh coughed his essential Starting a Poem Cough that wasn't like a Real Cough but just Something You Did. "Hmgghh. Hmmm! There was an old maid of Nantucket..."

Quite what would have become of the Old Maid of Nantucket, Wiglet could never find out because at that moment there was a knock on the door. Wiglet



YOU THE JURY...

Once again this month Mayfair, the only organisation in the country without its own 0898 number, asks YOU the loyal readers to decide the burning issues of the day...

Today we want to know how you feel about pubic hanging, that is the hair that surrounds the female fanny. Some say it's an unsightly mess that leaves a nasty taste in the mouth, others prefer to call it organic dental floss.

Does the bearded clam get up your nose? Would you rather it was clean shaven — or does cunnilingus with a smooth snatch remind you of french kissing John Major?

We want to know your opinions so we can put the pubes you prefer in the magazine.

If you like big hairy ones simply dial 192, ask for the number of the local post office, find out how much they charge for second class stamps these days, pop out, buy one, stick it on a card marked, "I like big hairy loveholes" and send it to **You the Jury, Mayfair, 2 Archer Street, London, W1V 7HE.** It's as easy as that!

If, on the other hand, you prefer glistening and

freshly shaven pussies, be sure to mark your post-card, "Make mine a big smooth one," and send it to us straight away so your vote can be counted.

If, like most people, you simply like nice, neatly trimmed downy ones that tickle the tongue, save your stamp. We'll always feature lots of those.

To help you make up your mind, here are a selection of fannies ranging from ones with the naval full set to an upside-down goatee.

Remember, the decision is yours. We look forward to hearing from you.

Do you have a marginally interesting subject you would like to put to the Mayfair readers accompanied by lots of pictures of tits and bums? If so, write to our usual address but don't expect a reply as we'll probably be doing something else by then.





Can't you forget your bleedin' revision for five minutes?



Allen reckons he needs a bit more practical experience before his medical exam tomorrow

STUDENT GAMES

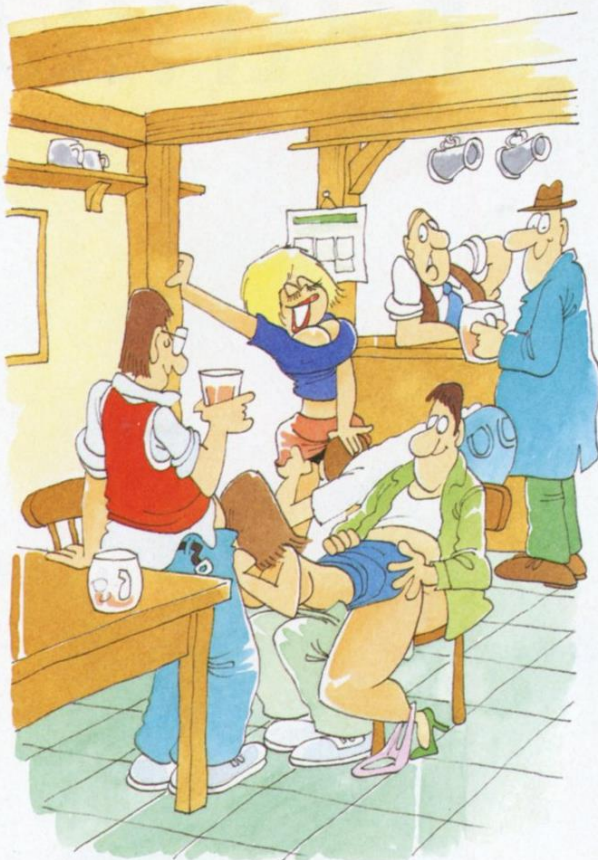
According to cartoonist Anthony, when girl students are not attending lechers, they spend all their time under graduates!



I see Gerry's been sent down



I want a word with you about the sleeping arrangements



I wouldn't mind, but they make half a pint last 'em all night



I suppose it must be quite a job managing on a students grant



Great idea of yours to save money on the rent by sharing with another couple of other students

QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

At weddings, the sexual fervour centres around the bride and the groom — or at least, it does in most cases. However, here Quest talks to three respondents, one of them a bride, all of whom enjoyed erotic sexual encounters at weddings, with partners not their own.

PERSONAL FILE

Name... Miss F

Age... 18

Sex... Female

Town of origin... Poole

Other details...

... This

nanny is single and although

her sex drive is high, she has

had little experience of men

due to the restrictions of her

job and lifestyle; so she was,

in her own description, very

much open to seduction.



Quest: You say that you haven't had much experience of men. Would you briefly explain why that is?

Miss F: Yes, of course. The thing is that I'm an only child. My parents were quite old when I was born, and so I didn't have much in the way of sex education. Even though my school had a basic course on it, it really wasn't enough for someone like me who didn't have any of the points clarified by my parents. And because I was shy I didn't really have any boyfriends until I'd left school, when I went out with a couple of lads from the town where I'd gone to work. I

didn't lose my virginity until a year ago — it's a bit difficult when you're living in for your job — and I must say that I didn't think much of sex, and I'd never felt overwhelmed with lust in the sort of way that I really wanted to.

Quest: What happened to change all that?

Miss F: It was when I went to a friend's wedding last summer. Carole was my closest friend and she'd gone off to college after we'd left, met a bloke straight away and they'd decided to get married in the college holidays.

Carole was always teasing me



about my lack of experience with men, and so she told me that I was going to have to look my best at the wedding as Dave had three brothers who were all single! She's a real match-maker, but I listened to what she said and went out and bought myself a pair of lovely silk stockings and a satin suspender belt, all in a cream colour that showed off my slim ankles and calves, and I wore my tightest silk dress, that showed off my boyishly slim figure and my small, taut little boobs. I was afraid that my nipples — which are really big compared to the size of my boobs, really dark brown and prominent — would show through the dress if anyone cared to look closely enough. My bra barely seemed able to contain them.

I don't normally think much about my body, but I really did feel sexy that day as I was dressing in front of the mirror. I ran my hands sensuously over my hips and flat stomach as I stared at my reflection. I loved the way the silk of my dress and stockings rubbed against my skin, and as I shivered I realised that I was sexually excited just from looking at myself and touching my own body. That was something that had never happened to me before, and I suddenly felt quite reckless.

When I arrived at the church I had to sit near the front, and I kept on looking around to try to spot which men there were the ones Carole had in mind for me. But I forgot all that when I spotted the man who was giving Carole away — her father.

I'd never met him when we were at school as he was usually away on business. It was probably a good thing, because if he'd been able to make me literally shake with lust then...

I felt my pussy get instantly wet, so wet that I had to clamp my thighs together and wriggle so that the pressure on my clitoris was almost unbearable. I thought I was going to have an orgasm then and there. I felt hot and flushed all over as Des turned around to watch Carole coming up the aisle and our eyes locked. He must have been



able to see the way my nipples were straining so hard through my dress that they were almost tearing the material. I knew then that I had to have him as soon as possible.

The actual wedding ceremony passed in a total blur for me. All I could think of was kneeling in front of Des, unzipping the flies of his morning suit and taking out his thick, pink cock, running my hands up and down the shaft, feeling the veins pulsing and throbbing in my fingers as I worked my lips over the tip of it, watching its eye open as Des breathed harder and more jerkily. I wanted the power to make him shoot his load of creamy white come into my

hand, or better still, between my lips as I sucked him off, with him holding my head firmly as I gobbled him. I almost passed out when I got to the point in my filthy fantasy where I actually tasted his come!

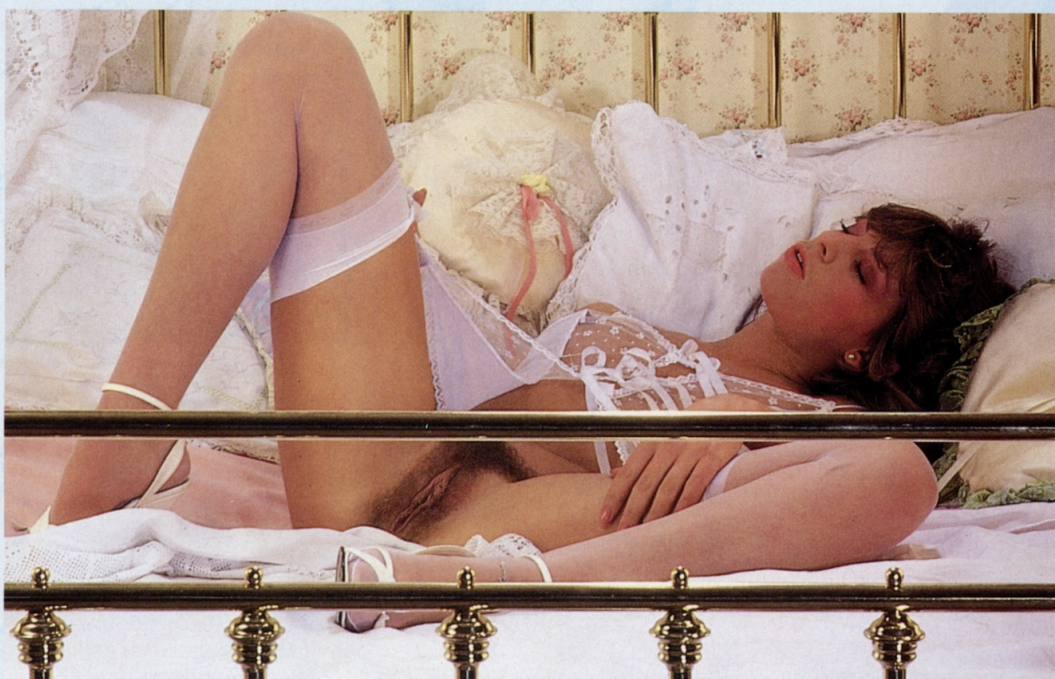
I knew Des had noticed me because he made a point of being introduced to me at the reception, and from then on, fucking him was a foregone conclusion. I just knew from the way that he looked at me that he wanted to fuck me as much as I wanted to do it to him. It was just a matter of finding somewhere to go and do it.

Quest: What were your feelings then?

Miss F: Just the overwhelming urge to be really dirty, to be a real slut even. I never thought that lust would feel that good!

Quest: And how did you engineer your sexual encounter with Des?

Miss F: Des did it really. I just sort of gravitated towards him



finally shot his load into my mouth I drank it down greedily, and it tasted delicious. It was the first time I'd ever sucked a

harder and harder against his pistoning cock. It took longer for him to come this time, which meant that I'd climaxed several times through fingering myself before he shot his hot spunk into me. As I stood up afterwards I really enjoyed the feel of the sticky white come dripping out of my pussy and covering the tops of my expensive stockings.

After we'd left the toilet (separately), I didn't see Des for the rest of the day; I think he was embarrassed that we'd fucked only a few moments after being introduced. But I didn't care — all that mattered to me was the fantastic sex we'd had. I haven't seen Des since that wedding, and Carole has no idea of what I did with her father, but Des really gave me a new lease of life sexually. I'd learned to let myself go and really enjoy a good fuck, and I

can assure you that the boy-friends I've had since then have really appreciated the lesson he gave me!

Quest: Thank you.



"I'd climaxed several times before he shot his hot spunk into me."

when he went off to the toilet at the hotel where the reception was. He made sure I knew where he was going. As soon as the door was shut I was on my knees in front of him, my legs spread a little so that I could rub the heel of my hand over my mound and clitoris through my dress, as I pulled Des's crotch towards me and undid his zip. It was everything I'd thought of in my fantasy — his cock was thick and strong-tasting, with pre-come dripping off the end even as he got it out of his pants. I could hardly wait to get it into my mouth.

The scent of Des's come and pubes drove me into a frenzy, and as gently as I could I nibbled the shaft up and down, sucking it back into my throat as far as I could then drawing it out, coating it in my saliva. My hand was rubbing my mound as fast as I could, and I wished I had the courage to push my dress up and masturbate myself, but I couldn't bring myself to do it in front of Des. When he

man off, and I'd loved it.

I felt so dirty and sexy that I just allowed Des to have his way with me completely. He bent me over the edge of the basin, and spread my legs wide, stroking them in my silky stockings and remarking on how lovely and firm my bottom was. Somehow my knickers were already around my ankles, but I didn't care — I just bent further over so that Des could finger my soaking wet pussy, spreading the folds and seeing just how wet he had got me. It wasn't long before his cock was hard again, and he begged me to let him fuck my pussy.

Des cried that he couldn't hold back his spunk any longer and I felt so powerful that I demanded that he push his cock into me and fuck me really hard.

It was bliss when I finally felt that hot, hard shaft sliding inside me, and Des set a furious fucking pace which my bucking hips found hard to keep up with, but eventually I caught his rhythm and pushed my bottom



QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

Quest: Do you have an open marriage with your husband?

Mrs K: Yes, we do now, though it only came about by accident



on our wedding day. Before that, all the time we were dating and when we were engaged (which was for two years) we were always faithful to each other and I had no idea that Ian wanted to try out partner swapping and group sex or anything like that.

I'd always thought that we talked quite openly about our sex life, and I was always willing to try anything Ian suggested to me, like different positions and screwing in different places, like in the car or the park or somewhere else where we might be caught, but he'd never mentioned anything like that. I think he'd thought I'd go mad or think he was a

pervert or something!

In fact, I'd thought about partner swapping quite a lot, though I never thought I'd have the nerve to try it. The idea of a fresh cock, a fresh chest, a fresh

tongue licking out my cunt would have me reaching for my dildo and pulling my love lips apart before inserting it and feeling my juices rise in response. But I never mentioned it to Ian either — I thought he might think I was a bit strange.

But now that we've been married for two years, we do have a very open relationship. If either of us feels attracted sexually to someone else we immediately tell each other in great detail. I love telling Ian about new men that I'm interested in, saying what it is about them that makes my cunt wet, lingering over details of how I'd like to run my tongue down his back or grip his cock hard in my

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Mrs K
Age... 24
Sex... Female
Town of
origin...
Leicester
Other
details...



This nurse had a most unusual experience at her own wedding — she ended the day having sex with one of her husband's friends at the reception, with his consent.

hand before starting to wank it rhythmically, and then going further, telling Ian exactly which way I'd like whoever it was to lick me out or fuck my pussy as hard as possible.

Ian always gets very turned on by this kind of talk, and it really keeps our sex life on the boil. As we've developed our partner swapping and group sex contacts, our sex life has really improved — neither of us can get enough of the other in bed (or anywhere else, for that matter), and there's nothing I like better than seeing Ian fuck and suck another woman, probing her pussy with his stubby but satisfying cock and tongue. And knowing that he's watching me writhing and screaming my lust when one of his friends is doing me doggy style or holding me up against the wall while fucking my cunt urgently just makes the whole sexual experience a million times better for me.

Quest: The event that turned you on to partner swapping happened at your own wedding, didn't it?

Mrs K: Yes, that's why it was all such a surprise! Looking back, it wasn't organised at all, it wasn't planned, but once Ian had the idea in his mind, I don't think anything could have stopped him — or me.

The actual ceremony was in the local registry office, so it was quite quick and small — but to make up for that we planned a huge reception at a local dance hall which we'd hired for the whole day. It's got

a load of private rooms and conference suites attached to it as well, so we had enough room for everyone to have somewhere to dance, eat, drink and relax. Ian had organised a private bridal suite where we and our close family and friends could gather and leave our stuff and so on. The whole place was over-run with caterers and waiters too — it was great.

I was wearing a really tight suit which showed off my generously proportioned body really well. It was cut to fit really closely over my tits and bum, and the way it clung to my cunt mound at the front was positively indecent. But it was white, which gave me a kind of virginal air that couldn't have been more false! I knew I looked great, and every male eye in the place was trained on me. Just the thought of that made my cunt soaking wet with love juices.

It was about halfway through the evening, when we'd all had quite a lot to drink, that Ian told me that his boss from work, Tony, really had the hots for me. I'd met Tony a few times and thought he was pretty tasty too, so I didn't bother to wait to see what Ian would do, I walked up and confronted him, dragging my new husband with me.

"You fancy me, don't you?" I demanded of Tony. "How'd you like to fuck the bride?"

Ian gasped, and it was a gasp of complete arousal. I could see in his eyes that he was picturing the scene of me, his new wife, stripping off and bending down to take Tony's cock from behind, all the way up my cunt, and holding him there with my cunt walls.

The way Tony looked at me, undressing me with his hot, eager eyes, made me certain that before long I was going to be getting the fucking of my life — from another bloke. I didn't have time to say another word before Ian ushered both of us into the back room and locked the door.

When he turned round to me he was almost speechless with lust. "I've always wanted to see you being fucked by another man right in front of my eyes," he whispered. "I can't believe it's going to come true on my wedding night!"

As for me, I could hardly wait for Tony's cock to be inside my cunt, and I shed my suit skirt and jacket and turned to face the two men, so they could see I was wearing just my lacy teddy, my hold-up stockings, and my high heeled satin shoes.

Tony was eagerly unzipping the flies on his suit, and he was so ready for me that I didn't even have time to fondle or suck his cock before he was bending me over one of the chairs and, parting my thighs, began fingering my wet cunt slit.

At the touch of his thumb on my tight, aching little clit I



came, coating his fingers in my tangy love juices as he prepared me for his rampant cock.

"Let her kneel down on all fours," Ian said from behind us. "I want her to suck my cock while you fuck her."

It was all too erotic for me; I was almost incapable of moving. My whole body seemed to be concentrated on the feelings gushing through my cunt, making my nipples tingling and leaving my mouth just open and panting for everything these two blokes could give it. When Tony's helmet nudged my cunt lips apart and slid in, I came again and then another time, each climax building so that it was more powerful than the last.

Ian's face appeared in front of me as Tony set up his fucking rhythm, getting so far inside me that with every inward thrust I could feel his thick wiry pubes brushing against my bum, a totally erotic sensation. It was heightened the next minute when Ian's hugely erect cock bobbed in front of my face and was then fed, inch by delicious

inch, into my mouth.

I ran my tongue around it as Ian pushed it in between my eager lips, then gently grazed my teeth along the shaft as he withdrew, then started the process all over again. I never thought I would experience anything so dirty and horny as having both ends of me filled by cock, one in my mouth and one in my cunt, both pistoning in and out of me like there was no tomorrow. I loved the feeling of the cocks being different too — Ian's pink, fat one in my mouth contrasting with Tony's more purple, thinner and much longer one probing my cunt deeply.

I really lost control of myself then as I crouched on the floor between my two lovers, my hips wildly undulating from side to side as I fought to make Tony's cock really penetrate further than a cock had done to me before, while at the same time sucking wildly on my husband's tool, tasting the drips of pre-come on my tongue and enjoying the feeling that I had this



power over two men at once. I wondered which of them was going to come first and in fact it was Ian, obviously inflamed by the sight of me being royally porked by his boss. He started spurting his

come into my mouth, and was half way through his orgasm when I used one hand to steady myself and the other to pull his still coming shaft out of my mouth so that he could finish by shooting large globs of white come over my face and neck. I lapped up as much as I could while Ian watched, a smile of total bliss covering his face.

That was what set Tony off, my slurping sounds as I swallowed my husband's load, and

could carry on coming as he came, and I don't know if I've ever had climaxes as intense as the ones I had then. After Tony had withdrawn his now limp cock from me, I stood up and, reaching between my legs, I scooped up as much of his come as I could and gave both blokes a real treat by eagerly eating as much as possible.

After that we had to separate and I went off to clean up before returning to the guests. And what a wedding night Ian and I had, after a foretaste of things to come like that!

Quest: So that was how you started with your partner swapping?

Mrs K: Yes, and things have really developed quickly since then. Now I can't get enough of group sex, and having Ian watching my face as I'm being fucked by another man — or preferably more than one! — is the biggest turn-on I can get.

Quest: Thank you.

"I tensed my cunt walls to hug his huge cock inside me."

power over two men at once.

I wondered which of them was going to come first and in fact it was Ian, obviously inflamed by the sight of me being royally porked by his boss. He started spurting his

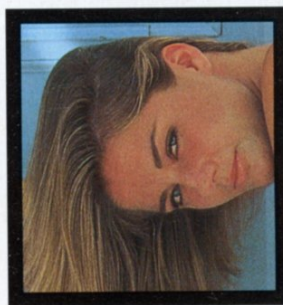
the next minute I felt that wonderful hot spurt of come, followed by two or three more as Tony unloaded his balls inside me. I tensed my cunt walls to hug his cock in me for as long as possible so that I



QUEST

THE LABORATORY OF HUMAN RESPONSE

PERSONAL FILE
Name... Ms S
Age... 21
Sex... Female
Town of origin... London
Other details...



This beautiful model's glamorous job brings her into contact with many eligible men, and she has enjoyed a variety of sexual encounters. However, at a friend's recent wedding, she had a lesbian encounter which has changed her ideas about sex.

Quest: Many of our readers would find it difficult to imagine the kind of life that you lead — glamorous, moving in celebrated social circles...

Ms S: It might seem that way, and sometimes it can be, but it's pretty hard work too, though I really enjoy it. It means I get to travel a fair amount, and of course it pays quite well.

Quest: Have you ever done any work for magazines like *Mayfair*?

Ms S: Not yet, though I'd love to if my agent would let me! I've been offered topless and nude work and who knows, perhaps your readers might be seeing me in the pages of *Mayfair* before too long! I've certainly got the figure for it, even if I do say so myself; I'm

five feet eight, and my figure is 38-23-37 — quite an eye-ful, I suppose. And I love flaunting it in short mini-skirts and really tight jersey tops which plunge almost to my waist and thigh boots, or those really high sandal's with ankle straps, that's my favourite kind of outfit.

I get more than my fair share of male attention because of the way I look — my long blonde hair seems to really attract men, and once they've got me between the sheets they can't get enough of fondling these big boobs of mine, manipulating the nipples in their fingers and mouths, making me moan as they suck them and then pushing their stiff cocks between them so that I can hold my boobs together and give them a good titty fucking.

I love massaging it into my skin then pushing their heads down between my legs so that they can get down to the serious business of licking me out, tasting my strong cunt juices and playing with my little clitty with their tongues until I'm moaning and shouting with my orgasm.

I've had more than my fair share of sexual experiences for my age, I suppose, and I really relish being in bed (or a car or anywhere we happen to be overtaken by the urge to fuck) with a new partner. Until recently that was always men, but a couple of months ago I had my first sexual experience

with a woman, and I think you could say that it's totally changed the way I think about sex. Talk about an understatement!

One of my closest friends, Sara, who I've often modelled with in the past, got married to a wealthy businessman in December, and she asked me to be her bridesmaid. As she let me choose the outfit I made sure it was one that was going to make me look at good as possible. It was a strapless turquoise dress, cut to fit all my curves like a second skin and coming down to mid-thigh so that my long legs would be visible to any attractive men who might happen to be there. There was an awful lot of my smooth, tanned skin on display, and with my blonde hair pinned up I thought I looked pretty glam. The look in my eyes as I stood in the church would have told anyone trying to pick me up that I was game for anything.

All through the service I felt someone's eyes eating me up from behind. My neck began prickling with excitement and arousal, and I could feel my crotch getting damp as I imagined the stranger's hands running all over my naked skin, the strange lips on my nipples, the hands kneading my silky thighs and fingers parting my cunny lips and pressing their way inside my wet tunnel before beginning to thrust hard, just the way I like to be friggid.

By the time the ceremony was over and we turned round to lead the way down the aisle, my nipples were sticking out of the dress like door knob and I'd begun to think that if I didn't soon go off and frig myself to a climax, I really was going to lose control of myself. I can't remember having been in such a state of sexual anticipation for a long time.

So it was a total shock for me when I turned around and met the eyes of the person who'd so obviously been lusting after me from behind — my eyes immediately connected with those of a very attractive woman! She looked to be in her early 30s, with long, long legs encased in skin-tight leggings, really high heeled patent pumps and a skinny-rib top that barely contained her high, pert boobs. I almost tripped over going back down the aisle, I could hardly take my eyes off her, and from then I knew that I was going to have my first lesbian experience that afternoon.

It was no surprise when Polly came looking for me at the reception, which was held in the extensive grounds of the bridegroom's huge house, and without speaking she led me off to a corner of the garden which was behind the house and away from where the marquee had been pitched for the party. All this time we hadn't even spoken a word to each other — she'd just taken my elbow and led me



away from the crowd I'd been talking to, and that just made the whole situation unbearably erotic.

Here I was, about to make love with a gorgeous stranger and have a woman lick my cunt for the first time ever. I thought my knees would give way, and I could feel my juicy cunt dripping with lust. I'd never been so ready as this for a fucking without even getting my panties off!

Polly leaned me up against a thick stumped tree, and instead of kissing me as I'd expected, she immediately crouched down in the grass and hitched up the skirt of my dress round my hips, yanked down my soaking panties and pressed her lips against my hot, aching mound.

I couldn't help it; I had to beg her to tongue me properly — she was driving me mad. I was writhing, my bare bum rasping against the tree bark as I pushed my cunt into her face, and at last I felt the total bliss of her tongue sliding easily into my well lubricated cunt as she started to lap at my juices and lick out the inside of my cunt walls. Now I know why lesbians say that there's nothing like a woman's touch — her tonguing was really expert. She knew all



juice, can you?". I lost count of how many times I came then, but I felt weak and drained when Polly finally withdrew her tongue.

As Polly was about to stand up, my eyes focussed and I saw that we'd been observed. There was a guy — obviously one of the guests — standing about 50 yards away, never taking his eyes from the sight of our lesbian activities, his pink,

before his cock went limp.

The idea that someone else had been so turned on by the sight of Polly and me that they'd lost control of themselves really inflamed me. All the time going over that picture in my head, where this guy (who'd now disappeared) had come just at the sight of Polly giving me head, I decided that I wanted to see what it was like to taste cunt for the first time.

"Back up against the tree," I told Polly, and she smiled at me as she obeyed, reaching down between her legs to stroke her love lips through her tight leggings as I reached forward and pulled off her top before taking first one, then the other nipple in my teeth and tugging at them gently. It felt great rolling a large nipple around my tongue, and I was so excited that I started to finger myself again as I slid down her body,

removed her leggings and pushed my tongue between her soggy cunt lips.

Licking furiously, I brought her to a shuddering orgasm as she stood above me, Polly urging me on the whole time to eat her out faster, harder, deeper.

I couldn't believe that an experience like that could change my sex life so much, but it has. Polly and I are now lovers on a regular basis, and as an ex-model herself she knows the business inside out, and was soon able to point out to me something I'd no idea about before — that an awful lot of other models are bisexuals like me! Perhaps I just wasn't looking for it in the past, but in the last couple of months I've had some really steamy sexual encounters behind the catwalk scenes. I just wish I had time to tell you about them all here.

Quest: Do you still have sex with men?

Ms S: Oh yes, and Polly gets really hot and horny from watching me too, and I love to see her in bed with someone else, of whatever sex takes her fancy at the time. There's no jealousy or anything like that and I guess that's one of the reasons why our relationship is perfect. Both of us just love sex any which way it comes and wherever it happens, that's what it boils down to. We're just a sex mad pair!

Quest: Thank you. **M**

"It felt great rolling a large nipple around my tongue."

the best places and crevices to touch to make me come, and soon I was shaking against her helplessly, covering her face with my love juices as I ground my cunt onto her. Her hands fondled their way up my body then, and I felt her reach up as far as my boobs, playing with my bare nipples until I was in a frenzy. I just couldn't stop coming.

I needed to play with my clitty though, and as soon as my fingers found my own little love button, I was away, leaning back against the tree, my eyes closed in ecstasy and my mouth just coming out with filthy talk like: "Tongue me harder! Put your finger up there too! You just can't get enough of my cunt

swelling cock in his hands as he wanked himself off. Even from that distance I could see his body jerk and the faint white spray of his come hit the grass

